

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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EARTHQUAKE RIDES ROUND THE WORLD

HOW THEY SAVED THE SUGAR CANE GREAT STORY FROM MAURITIUS

Splendid Achievement of
Science

RESTORING THE BALANCE OF NATURE

By a South Kensington Correspondent

Quite recently an Australian fern-destroying weevil was found to have settled in Ireland, where it was doing some harm.

The incident was described as resulting in a disturbance of the balance of Nature. It was explained that in order to restore the balance in such cases the custom is to search in the native land of these alien insects for their natural enemies. When the natural enemies are found, and a number of them have been collected, they are imported and let loose in the localities where the alien insect has become abundant.

Reversing the Seasons.

As a rule it takes several years before any appreciable result is shown; and unfortunately these efforts are not always crowned with success. For one reason, the alien insects have generally multiplied in great numbers before any action is taken. Also the imported natural enemies have to become acclimatised to their new surroundings, and this is not so simple a matter as it might seem to be.

One of the greatest difficulties is their shipment from one hemisphere to another, because it often involves a reversal of the seasons. Moreover, as the hibernating stage is generally the easiest to handle, unless they are dispatched as soon as they begin to hibernate there is a risk of their arriving in the new country at a time when the cold weather is setting in.

If that is so efforts have to be made to force them, by means of a refrigerating plant, to continue hibernating for another four or six months—an experience that is often more than the insects can stand.

A Beetle Appears in Mauritius

Where the natural enemies are sent from one territory to another in about the same latitude the matter is greatly simplified and better results are obtained. The island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, presents an ideal case of the restoration of the balance of Nature.

Sugar cane had been grown there for many years, but some of the local planters decided to import a particular variety of West Indian cane, which produced more sugar than that which they had been cultivating.

A quantity of seedling canes of this variety were sent across from Barbados and planted in Mauritius. The West Indian canes grew well and thrived for many years; but as time went on it

became apparent that there was something injuring every kind of cane on the island. The plants withered, or the leaves were eaten.

Investigation showed that the leaves were being eaten by a beetle of the cockchafer type, and that the larva of this beetle was feeding upon the roots. Yet what perplexed the local technical staff was that this beetle had never been seen before on the island.

Inquiries were sent out to the natural history museum staffs of the different countries, and in reply the authorities in Mauritius received information from the British Museum that the beetle was a West Indian insect. It thus became apparent that some eggs or larvae of the beetle must have been introduced in the soil enclosing the roots of the seedling canes when they were packed in Barbados.

Since its arrival the beetle had multiplied to vast numbers. Efforts were made to stop the ravages by trapping, poisoning, and collecting. The

last method met with some success. In one season 27,000,000 beetles were collected. The authorities calculated these numbers by weight.

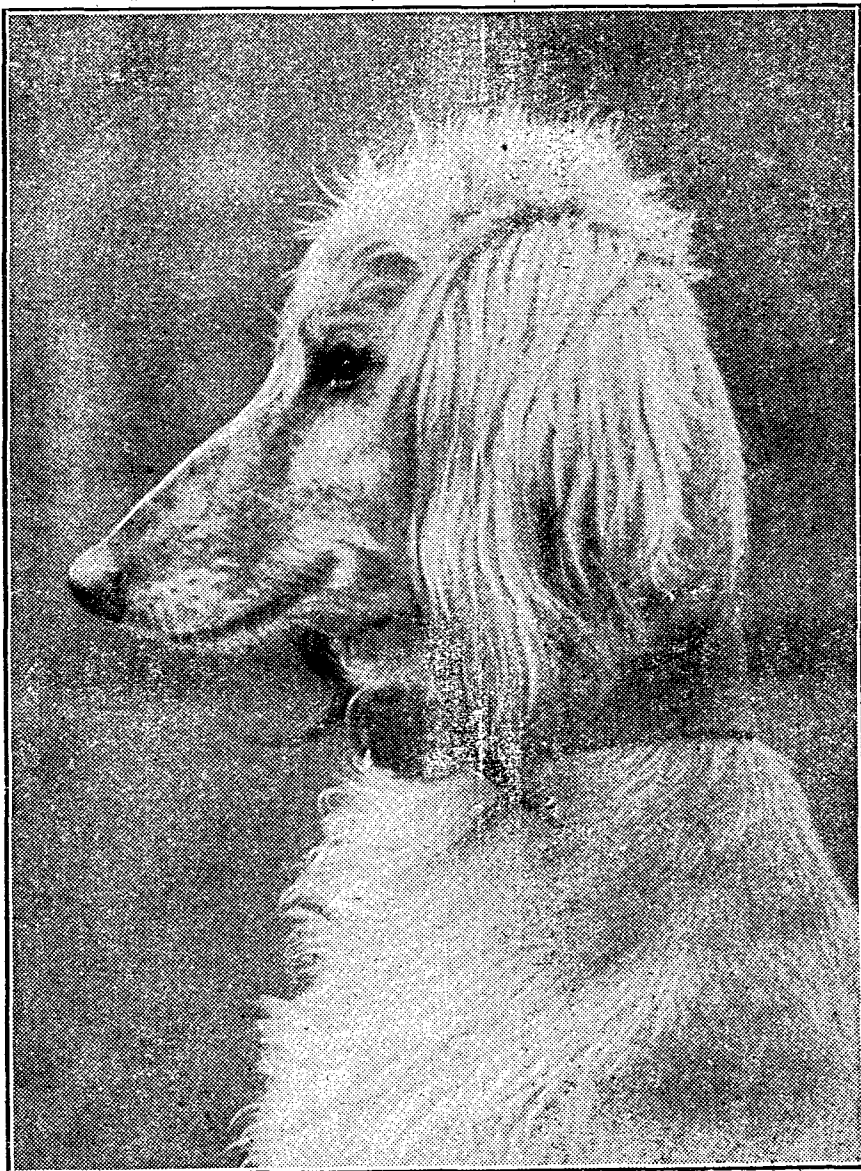
Meanwhile the West Indian officials were approached as to whether any natural enemies of the beetle existed in Barbados. Their investigation showed that a solitary wasp preyed on the beetle's larva and so kept it in check.

The authorities in Mauritius therefore decided to try to restore the balance of Nature by importing the wasps. Large numbers were collected and sent across the seas to the island, where in due course they were liberated in the sugar-cane fields.

And now, after a few years, the cockchafer beetle and its larva are no more troublesome there than in Barbados, and the balance is thus restored.

In some cases where attempts have been made to restore the balance of Nature the imported creatures have themselves become a pest. There is no fear of this, however, in the Barbados.

Our New Friend from Asia



The Afghan dog, a breed that is becoming very popular in England, is a wise-looking animal: and this dog from Major Bell Murray's kennels at Kirkpatrick, near Carlisle, wears an expression that suggests he has been considering some of the perplexing political problems that trouble Europe today

TREMOR THAT WENT ROUND THE WORLD AMAZING EARTHQUAKE

Crack in the Bed of the Pacific
Rings a Bell in England

WAVES HALF AS HIGH AS ST. PAUL'S

The whole Earth has been shaken by a great earthquake on the floor of the Southern Pacific off the coast of Chile.

Instruments in England which record earthquakes gave evidence of the shock about five o'clock in the morning, when the instruments of Mr. J. J. Shaw, of West Bromwich, rang an alarm bell and awakened the household.

It is amazing to think that a crack in the Earth's crust under the Pacific Ocean should set off an alarm bell in England; but this was certainly a tremendous earthquake.

In South America it was felt about midnight as a series of violent shocks, which were most severe round the towns of Coquimbo and Copiapo. At Coquimbo the terrified people left their beds and fled to the hills, and their terror was increased by the failure of the electric light, and by fires.

The Great Tidal Wave

Five minutes after the first shock the sea ebbed far back, and then, in a great tidal wave, poured into the towns of Coquimbo and La Serena. Five minutes later a still mightier tidal wave, 180 feet high—half as high as St. Paul's—deluged the land.

So tremendous was this terrible tide that it completely demolished one quarter of Coquimbo, and destroyed the harbour mole and the railway station, and lifted two 40-ton boats and stranded them high and dry in the town. The earthquake under the sea was violent enough to cause a tidal wave at Hawaii, 5000 miles west, and the earthquake instruments at Florence indicate that the tremor went twice round the world.

It was reported that a thousand people in Chile were killed, including many drowned, and that hundreds were injured, while at least 35,000 were rendered homeless.

A Mystery of the Ocean

Many great earthquakes have been accompanied by tidal waves. After the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 a great wave inundated the city; and a great tidal wave which in 1737 broke near Cape Lopatka, at the south of Kamchatka, was said to have reached a height of 210 feet.

When we remember that the most mountainous waves of stormy seas seldom exceed 30 or 40 feet we can realise the destructive power of these earthquake rollers. On the coast of South America they are more feared than the earthquake itself.

Their exact cause is not understood, but they are certainly indications of violent heavings and fallings of the ocean floor.

THE RAT MOCKERY

Why Not Get Rid of a Pest?

A POINT THAT SHOULD BE SETTLED

We have had another Rat Week in England, a week devoted to a campaign of speech and action against the greatest animal enemy we have in the land.

Distinguished men have spoken, and very many people have been spurred from languid indifference to a day or two of activity.

But what a mockery it is that we should give one week out of 52 to the destruction of animals which make havoc of our health and property all the year round! We kill a few in seven days, but in a year rats produce six litters of young. Their loss of numbers effected in a Rat Week is more than made good in a single new generation.

The test of the reality of our attempts to cope with this dangerous pest is this. We have an Act of Parliament imposing heavy penalties upon householders and others who tolerate the presence of rats or mice upon their premises. There are many establishments in which no real attempt is made to get rid of rats and mice. But is the law ever put in force? We never hear of a prosecution for the criminal carelessness of people who allow these vermin to multiply in their midst.

Harmless to Birds

An important point is raised again by Sir Frederick Andrewes, a famous pathologist, who states that human beings may be rendered ill by the use of rat virus. The statement has been published before, almost side by side with advertisements guaranteeing that the virus is harmful only to the rats and mice for which it is spread. Surely it is time for the question to be decided.

My own experience (writes a correspondent) has been that the virus tried in an aviary containing about 200 birds is harmless to them, but fatal to mice. The virus, which originated at a famous school of tropical medicine, is the best thing discovered if it be proved innocent. But in view of the statements of Sir Frederick Andrewes and others the public must be anxious that the matter should be definitely settled.

Meanwhile, now that the nation has had its one yearly Rat Week, the rats will have their annual 51 weeks. Why not be serious and get rid of them?

AMERICA'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A Move for the Continent Conference in the Spring

Though the United States does not see fit to join in the League of Nations the Republic seems to be anxious to form a League of Nations for the American continent itself.

The five Central American republics—Guatemala, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Costa Rica—are invited to a conference at Washington in December, one of the objects of the conference being to limit armaments in the Western Hemisphere.

In March all the States of the North and South American continents are to be called to a congress at Santiago, in Chile, with a similar object, and Canada will probably be included in the invitation list.

This looks on the surface like a step in the right direction, but as nearly all the countries invited to Santiago are already members of the League of Nations and the great American Republic is not, the movement may conceivably have a tendency toward division rather than toward a world-wide unification. But it is much better to take the hopeful view, and, in any case, it will be a great thing if the American continent, like the Australian continent, is freed from the possibility of national hostilities.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The big scientific explosion in Holland is now known to have been heard as far away as 650 miles.

Lignite in Kent

The Cobham, where the seam of lignite was found the other day was not Cobham in Surrey but in Kent.

Will Canada Win?

Drastic economies are being made by the Canadian postal authorities with a view to restoring the penny post. Will Canada race England?

A Mouse Finds a House

A South Yorkshire boy has discovered a comfortable nest made by a mouse in a tree sparrow's nest from which five young sparrows were reared last summer.

A Fortune From a Prison Garden

The prisoners at Eastview Penitentiary, New York State, raised £6000 worth of garden produce in the convict gardens last year. This pays better than breaking stones!

The Book that Teaches Children and Experts

It is a pleasure to publish the following letter from Sir Jesse Boot, whose business genius has made his name a household word.

Dear Mr. Mee,

I heartily welcome the new Children's Encyclopedia, for I know of my own experience how wonderfully your children's series have stimulated our youth to take an intelligent interest in the world.

I think you will be interested in an experience related to me by one of the largest building contractors in the south of England.

Having been a builder all his days, he had often noticed the extra fringe of bricks round the top of tall factory chimneys, and had always thought it just an ornament till one of his children, quoting from The Children's Newspaper (or the Encyclopedia), informed him that it was there for a definite practical purpose.

Afterwards he bowled out builder after builder of his acquaintance, and even (tell it not in Gath!) most of the architects whom he asked. Your children's literature can teach the experts.

I wish you all the success that your enterprise deserves.

Yours sincerely,

JESSE BOOT

Spider Stops a Clock

A Jersey reader writes: My eight-day clock having stopped suddenly, I opened the back of it, and found a spider had woven its web on the top of the pendulum and stopped the movement.

France Recovering

Of 571,339 dwelling houses destroyed or damaged in the devastated regions of France 402,950 have been repaired, and the population—originally 4,690,062 and fallen to 2,614,347—has risen again to 4,056,883.

California Knows

The leading grape-growing district in California, which expected to be ruined by Prohibition, has found itself so prosperous under it that it has decided by a big majority in favour of continuing Prohibition.

Kindness to a Sea-Lion

Recently a live sea-lion was captured by a trawler off Southwold, in Suffolk, and was taken round the town in a barrow. We delight to know that a sympathetic onlooker bought the animal for ten shillings, and had it put back into the sea.

ROOM OF GLASS

A Step Onward from Pasteur and Lister
SURGEON'S CAPITAL IDEA

By Our Paris Correspondent

An interesting step in the progress of surgery has recently been taken in Paris.

Fellow surgeons from various parts of Europe and America have been invited by Professor Victor Pauchet to witness a series of difficult operations under new conditions for preserving wounds from the infectious germs that abound everywhere.

His plan is a development from the discoveries of Lister and Pasteur. Lister concluded that the inflammation of wounds was not caused by the wound itself, as had been believed before, but came from the presence of microbes that entered the wound from the outside.

Pasteur extended the idea, and found that milk, wine, and other fluids and solids were poisoned by invisible atoms alive in the atmosphere. "Make your foods secure against these microbes," he said emphatically, "and they will keep pure and good."

On the same principle Lister sterilised wounds; and ever since surgeons have been studying constantly how they can take precautions against all infectious germs by cleansing their hands constantly, wearing rubber gloves, and by using masks of sterilised gauze.

Now, with the aid of a clever architect, Professor Pauchet is performing operations in a room walled off from the outside world by glass. The surgeon and his assistants work inside this structure while the students and spectators stand outside and watch the operations through opera glasses. The surgeon speaks to them through a telephone, and his comments are made clearly audible by means of the microphone.

His demonstrations have proved highly successful, and contamination from the outside watchers is now made quite impossible.

WILLIE—AN AUSTRIAN BOY

A Poor Refugee Who Made Friends

This descriptive note on an Austrian boy is from his teacher in the English school which he attended for some time.

Willie was a little Austrian boy who was sent to England after the war—a poor, starved refugee. At school he was put in our class.

Though he could not speak a word of English he quickly made friends. His bright black eyes and jolly smile won all our hearts. Our children were very kind to the little five-year-old, and soon he picked up a few words and began to understand what we said to him.

Always he tried to do as well as the other children in the class. His spirit and persistence were remarkable; he refused to be daunted. When the teacher offered to help with a difficult piece of work he would put her hand aside and say politely, "I can do it; I can do everything."

We wonder if his mother knew him when he returned to Vienna, a great man of seven who had forgotten every word of his mother tongue.

His teacher hopes that the time he spent in an English home and school has sown in him such seeds of understanding that when he grows up he will "do everything" to keep his country and hers the best of friends.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Louis XV writing table . . .	£1300
Portrait by Gainsborough . . .	£535
12-carved Adam chairs and settee	£294
Pair of mahogany Adam urns . .	£220
Pair of Stuart wall mirrors . . .	£136
Boy's suit worn by Lord Nelson .	£25
Mauritius 2d. blue stamp, 1859 .	£20
1st edition of Boswell's Johnson .	£20

THE BOY PARLIAMENT OF CANADA

Toronto Council Does a Good Thing

SAVING THE CITY'S BIRDS

The Boys' Council in Toronto, through which the boys of the Canadian city are learning the methods of public government so that hereafter they may be sound and skilful citizens, is discovering public duties of its own and pledging itself to carry them out faithfully.

The latest instance is that they promise to join in the protection of the wild birds frequenting the city. Formerly many wild birds, some of them beautiful to see and all interesting to watch, nested in the city. There were warblers, flycatchers, wrens, and orioles. Now the undefeated house sparrow is the only regular bird inhabitant.

The secretary of the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds has attended a meeting of the Boys' Council and put the position before them, and the Boy Mayor assured the secretary that all the boys would give their help in trying to entice the birds back by placing nesting-houses in suitable spots in the public parks and generally by safeguarding the lives of the birds that would beautify and brighten the city again if they found out that human creatures were their friends and not their enemies.

In this matter Canada is giving a welcome lead to the boys of the Motherland. Will the Boy Scouts follow?

MY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE ONE SHILLING DECEMBER



The New Dress of the Mother of the C.N.
My Magazine for December

KENYALAND

Scottish Trout for Mountain Streams

Kenya Colony, though one of the youngest, is one of the most prosperous of British Colonies.

This country of the great white volcano, Mount Kenya is more than 17,000 feet high, is richly endowed. It has a population of nearly three million souls; it has cotton, coconuts, rubber, wheat, maize; it has thousands of miles of forest.

But one important thing it lacked—trout; and now it is going to have trout too, for 10,000 rainbow trout ova from South Africa and 100,000 trout ova from Scotland have been imported and hatched and set free in the icy streams that come down from the White Mountain, and there will soon be 100 miles of first-class trout fishing on the Equator.

It is strange to think of trout from the rivers of Scotland exiled for ever in the rivers of an African volcano. The new arrivals have done well so far, and when it comes to the case of survival of the fittest it will be interesting to see whether the Scot or the African survives.

Years ago British trout were sent to New Zealand, where they flourished.

NO BEETHOVEN FOR RUSSIA

Extraordinary Mistake of the Bolshevik Government

DANGEROUS MUSIC

The Russian Government has done a very foolish thing—probably the most senseless of all its acts. It has banned as dangerous music Beethoven's fine Concerto in E flat because it is generally spoken of as the Emperor Concerto. The rulers think that this title might undermine the democratic spirit among the Russian Army bandmen!

Could anything be more ridiculous? The name was never given to the composition by Beethoven himself, and, so far from having any imperial tendencies, he was always at pains to declare himself an ardent republican.

During the famous Congress of Vienna, when the crowned heads of Europe were the guests of the Archduke Rudolf at the same time as the composer, he made those high personages pay court to him and acted toward them in a very overbearing way, quite worthy of a Soviet official. He also administered a severe snub to Napoleon.

In the early days of that ruler's career Beethoven regarded him as a champion of liberty, and to show his admiration he dedicated to Napoleon one of his symphonies, perhaps the finest example of descriptive music ever achieved by the skill and genius of a great master.

A Composer Grows Angry

The symphony is a musical portrait of a heroic character, and in his own handwriting Beethoven wrote on the title-page "Grand Symphony, Napoleon Bonaparte, August 1804, by Ludwig van Beethoven." The work was begun in 1802, and was described by its composer as a heroic symphony to celebrate the memory of a great man.

Beethoven made a copy, which he kept for himself, and then sent the original score to the Austrian Ambassador in Paris to present to Napoleon. But before this could be done Beethoven learned, to his disgust, that Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor, and in a rage he tore the title-page of his copy into fragments and stamped them under his feet.

Surely the very last composer whose music should be banned by a democratic government is Beethoven. But the rulers of Russia are what they are!

THE PITIFUL HUNDRED THOUSAND

Health in the Schools

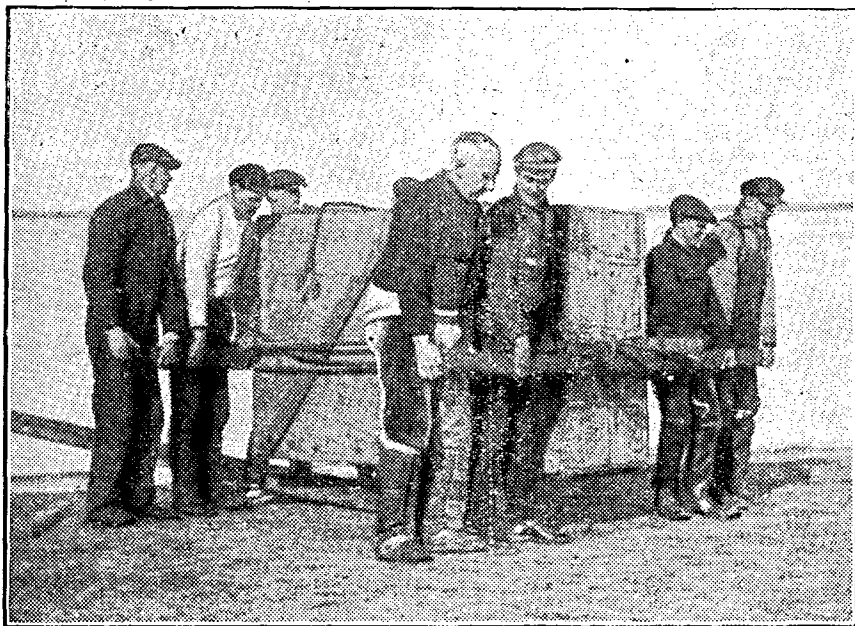
Sir George Newman's report on the Health of the School Child shows that we still have a terrible army of children maimed and diseased, for in England and Wales there are about 62,000 children of school age crippled in body and 31,000 children crippled in mind—nearly a hundred thousand children who can never live vigorous lives.

That is surely a great tragedy, and it has occurred in spite of all that school doctors and medical officers of health have done to improve the health of the nation. To this extent Sir George Newman's report is a confession of failure, but it is also a record of devoted work.

Everything possible is being done to prevent disease and to educate and take care of defective children; and it is good to find that the children are growing much cleaner, and so are escaping skin diseases that in the past have been much too prevalent.

The doctors are certainly having an uphill fight, but with the help of the public, and of such healthy organisations as the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, they will gradually year by year conquer disease in the young, and build up a race of vigorous and happy men and women.

WAITING TO FLY ACROSS THE POLE



Amundsen, bareheaded, helping to land a spare engine for his aeroplane



Amundsen at his winter quarters at Wainwright, eighty miles from Point Barrow



Dr. H. V. Sverdrup, the famous Norwegian scientist, on board the ice-bound Maud



The Eskimo crew of Amundsen's ship, the Maud

These photographs, that have just come out of the frozen north, show Captain Amundsen with his men as he waits for an opportunity to fly across the North Pole. Next spring he will attempt to go by aeroplane from the extreme north of Alaska to Cape Columbia on the northern coast of Greenland

CABBAGES AND KINGS

A TALE OF ASCENSION ISLAND

Old Seaman Who Thought His Name Would Live by His Garden

A LITTLE EMPIRE CHANGED

Ascension Island has been transferred from the Admiralty to the Colonial Office, and thus a long chapter closes. For the future the island will be governed from St. Helena.

Originally Ascension Island was an eye frowning upon St. Helena, for it was taken by England as a defence against hostile action when we had Napoleon a prisoner on the larger island. No ship could sail that stretch of South Atlantic without running the gauntlet of the guns of Ascension. It has taken us over a century to break the habit formed when the Corsican was a captive.

The change will wring one old sailor's heart. He was many years at Ascension, and all his tales were of the island; of strange craft from many lands steaming toward the rock on which the conqueror of nearly all Europe broke his heart; of turtles which came home to Ascension to lay their eggs, and were then caught by him to cheer men with soup. But, honest man, he thought one feat of his gave a greater glow of romance to that part of the world than all other causes and influences put together.

The Thing that Mattered

"Sir," he would say, "my name will never be forgotten as long as the service and Ascension are remembered. For I introduced cabbages into Ascension Island, introduced them and grew them, which no other man had ever done or thought of doing."

Nothing else mattered, he thought. "Those cabbages made me king of Ascension Island, sir, and I shall always be famous for them."

So said our Ancient Mariner. His story of the cabbages may or may not have been true; we do not know. It was thrilling to young boys to hear. But what was his name, which the cabbages were to make immortal? We quite forget.

NEW POLAR EXPLORATIONS

Juggling and Singing in Snow Huts

The North Pole has been conquered; but there are still many Polar lands unexplored, and the Danish explorer Knud Rasmussen has just returned from an expedition into unknown country north-west of Hudson Bay.

During last winter his party travelled more than 1800 miles, and visited villages where no white man had ever before set foot.

He found the country inhabited by very primitive Eskimos, who at first were extremely frightened to see his party. But when he had reassured them he was able to study their legends, religion, and habits.

With the aid of an interpreter he wrote down a hundred of their legends, and found many of them in exact agreement with legends prevalent in Greenland. Though the Eskimos were so primitive and lived in unheated snow huts they frequently enlivened their evenings with juggling entertainments and songs, and they had canoes, from which they used to spear reindeer as the herds crossed the rivers.

The adaptability of man is very wonderful indeed!

WHAT AN AIRSHIP NEEDS

The new United States airship ZRI requires a section from the intestines of more than two million cattle. A small piece of this tough skin will be obtained from each animal, and after being cemented together the fabric will be thoroughly varnished.

A ROMANCE OF SULPHUR

FROM VOLCANO TO VINEYARD

What Newcastle Did for the Land of Etna

VOLCANIC DUST IN OUR TYRES

When we are told that Signor Mussolini, the new Italian Premier, is to interest himself in the finances of the Sicilian sulphur industry, it seems a matter of politics and commerce of little interest to boys and girls. In reality there is great romance behind the decision.

Every one of us who rides in a motor-car, or listens to a gramophone melody, or meekly obeys the doctor and takes brimstone and treacle in the morning, or swallows various compounds with mysterious names, for the purifying of the blood during grave illness, is concerned with sulphur.

There would be no grapes, raisins, or currants for us, no Christmas puddings, without sulphur, and very few tomatoes either; and blight and mildew would ruin all the roses we have.

A Very Important Mineral

Sulphur is one of the most important minerals in the world. Every article, from a motor tyre to an electric insulator, is the product, in part, of sulphur. Rubber would be almost useless to us but for this substance, as soft rubber is of little value for the purposes to which it can be put after vulcanising.

Moreover, our enormous trade in cotton depends for its bleaching upon sulphuric acid, derived, as the name suggests, from sulphur.

For ages Sicily has been the chief source of this wonderful material which kills fungus and mildew, which puts out chimney fires, and enters into a thousand and one industries and processes. It is found in great quantities wherever there are volcanoes, and Sicily has always held its life by courtesy of Mount Etna.

Many sulphur mines exist in the famous old island, from which Rome, when mistress of the world, obtained her chief corn supplies. Nearly 400,000 tons a year have been exported at times from Sicily.

Italy takes much of it for her vineyards and other purposes; but such are the wonders of human invention that Newcastle, recovering sulphur from the manufacture of soda, has been able in the past to send it to the land of the Caesars and outlive Sicily in open market.

Inside a Crater

Perhaps nothing stranger than that has happened except the artificial production of indigo, which killed the trade in the vegetable indigo of India.

We must remember, of course, that the old jest about taking coals to Newcastle did actually come true a year or two ago, but that was due to the strike in the mining industry.

Next to Sicily the great Mexican volcano Popocatepetl is the chief source of this mineral. Men take their tools and their lives in their hands, descend into the fearful crater of the smoking mountain—for that is the meaning of the name—and there gather sulphur as at home we gather ballast from gravel pits.

The gift of the fiery earth, it comes out to free our food from disease and to maintain the industries by which we live.

SCHOOLBOY GUESTS

As an addition to our mention of the entertainment of elementary schoolboys by the boys of Marlborough College, a correspondent informs us that a similar reception has been carried on by the boys of Bishop Stortford College for 15 years.

BOOK OLDER THAN PRINTING

A Dante Discovery

MANUSCRIPT HIDDEN FOR SIX CENTURIES

One of the most interesting things that might happen is the discovery of written copies of the world's greatest books that were produced before printing was practised in Europe. It is always possible that such books may be hidden away unnoticed.

Of that we are reminded by the discovery, at Chiavari on the Italian coast, of eleven sheets of Dante's Divine Comedy, finely illustrated.

Dante, one of the world's master poets, died in 1321, more than a hundred years before printing was known in Europe, and these fragments of his greatest work had remained unheard of for probably 600 years before an Italian professor of Genoa, searching among the ancient writings of the little town of Chiavari, brought them to light.

Only by discovering and comparing a number of the written copies of any great writer in the distant past can we be sure that we have the words of an early poet as he wished them to be read.

The findings of these ancient writings will set the world wondering afresh how many more treasures of the past are waiting for a finder.

The writings now found are not in Dante's own hand. They are the work of a copyist. The illuminations show that. But they also show with what loving care the thoughts of a great mind were treasured in the past, though the thinker was banished from his native city, Florence, as a dangerous man.

SENSIBLE SHOES

Wisdom in the Boot Shop

By Our Medical Correspondent

The walking shoes exhibited at the Shoe and Leather Fair in the Agricultural Hall had heels averaging about one and three-quarter inches.

That is certainly high enough, but it is considerably lower than the average heels a year ago, and shoemakers report that there is a growing demand for lower heels.

The reduction in the height of the heel is certainly to be welcomed, for the high heels so long fashionable have tended to destroy the beautiful elastic arch of the foot, to contract and stiffen the muscles of the leg, to alter the curve of the backbone, and to disturb the balance of the body. No woman could walk gracefully, vigorously, comfortably, or safely on the fashionable high heels; yet so strong is fashion that a short time ago sensible women who desired sensible heels could frequently not obtain them.

It is good to know that a growing demand is creating a greater supply, and we hope the demand will steadily increase and the heels steadily decrease.

SANDY THE COIN COLLECTOR

Helps the Hospital with 257

Holmfirth, in the West Riding, has a dog, Sandy, who has been making himself a name by his cleverness.

It was noticed some time ago that he had formed the habit of searching for coins and picking them up. The next step was that he was taught to put them in a collecting box for the benefit of the local hospital.

Now people give him their assistance by dropping coins before him, and these he picks up and takes to the box.

Sandy is sharp enough to remember which people have encouraged him, and to waylay them and solicit their continued favour.

Sometimes he will carry as many as three coins in his mouth at once, and altogether he had collected 257 when his fame reached the C.N. office.

A THOUSAND MILLION ALLIES IN ONE DOSE

OUR UNSEEN SAVIOURS AND DESTROYERS

A Plain Little Book About the Marvels of Bacteria

VALUE OF SUNLIGHT

In a volume of fewer than fifty pages Dr. F. G. Steadman has issued one of the clearest and most instructive little summaries of bacteriology we have seen.

He calls it "Notes on Bacteriology for Dental Students," but with a genius for compression with lucidity he has treated the subject so comprehensively as to give his work a real value to us all.

His object is to wage war on harmful bacteria, but he reminds us that not all bacteria are evil. As C.N. readers know, without these minute organisms life on Earth would cease. Dr. Steadman names over twenty of the most fatal or painful diseases to which mankind is subject as the direct outcome of bacterial infection, and recalls that it was due to Louis Pasteur that the sheep and silkworms of France were saved from extinction when bacteria-borne diseases became epidemic.

Turning Enemies into Allies

But we can convert enemy bacteria into human allies by inoculating ourselves with them, either in weakened form or with the dead bodies of the enemy, as in smallpox, diphtheria, tetanus, plague, and typhoid.

It is startling to learn that the safeguarding serum with which our soldiers were inoculated during the war contained 500 million of dead bacteria for the first dose, and 1000 million for the second. Finally a combined serum, consisting of three varieties of bacilli, was employed, and this was proof against three kinds of typhoid fever.

Dr. Steadman is clearly an ardent advocate of sunlight and air. Anthrax germs can remain alive for years, inactive, dry and dust-like, yet, in common with typhoid bacilli, they are killed in an hour and a half by direct sunlight.

The Soldier on Salisbury Plain

Bacteria are beyond the ken of most of us, and even science does not know everything; important agents in preventing death are the opsonins which occur in serums, and nobody knows what their nature is.

Again, deadly bacteria may be innocent in their action in some cases, and render their host a "carrier" harmless to himself but fatally infective to other people. Dr. Steadman cites examples, one of the strangest being a Canadian soldier on Salisbury Plain who started an outbreak of what is commonly called "spotted fever." The man himself had no attack of the complaint, but he had been in contact with a case in America months before, and, when at last detected as a carrier, he was found to be still harbouring the bacilli in his throat, though himself unharmed. This admirable book from which we quote is published at 3s. 6d. by Bale, Sons & Danielson.

NOT A CRUSOE AFTER ALL

A Note About Spitsbergen

A report of a modern Robinson Crusoe at Green Harbour, Spitsbergen, appeared lately in the C.N. and other papers; but Robinson Crusoe seems to be not much of a Robinson Crusoe after all, for Mr. J. Mathieson, who has led several expeditions to Spitsbergen, courteously informs the C.N. that the meteorological station at Green Harbour has a staff of at least seven or eight men, and that there are mines and villages not many miles away. Mr. Mathieson also states that there are no brown bears in Spitsbergen.

Alas! there does not seem much chance for Robinson Crusoes nowadays.

MARVELLOUS THINGS A SHILLING BUYS

MAGAZINE EVERYBODY IS READING

Daddies and Sons, Glad Worlds and Sad, Nations Young and Old

PICTURE STORY OF THE SHIP ALONE AT SEA

The December number of the C.N. Monthly is, by general opinion, one of the best numbers ever issued.

It is an excellent specimen by which anyone who has not tried the quality of My Magazine may see what its aims and achievements are.

It appeals to the general reader, the lover of art, the person with a scientific mind; the man who believes that the world may be made far better than it is, the parents who wish their children to be brought up on right thoughts with sweet and wholesome tastes, and to the children themselves, for whom there is a wide variety of interest and really helpful entertainments.

Here, for instance, are half a dozen of the subjects in the current number.

Coming and Going of Nations

A remark by Dr. Kimmins that sons now often dare to laugh at their fathers suggests a review of the relations between fathers and sons, and a number of interesting examples are given. Among them are the Stephensons, George and Robert, Chaucer and Milton, the Pitts, Montaigne, Johnson, Coleridge, Burns, and more recent families, like the Darwins.

The coming and going of nations in these changeable days suggested an examination of the length of time existing nations have held their place in the world, and the conclusions reached are often unexpected. How old are England, Germany, Italy, and the rest? Comparatively few nations, as they now exist, are really old. My Magazine gives us the facts.

Man and the Animals

An article with splendid pictures shows us how man has directed the animal world, affecting the lives and habits of the animals that have been his close neighbours. The vivid pen of our Natural Historian, Ernest Bryant, moving in harmony with his sympathetic understanding of the animal kingdom, produces a most impressive article, comforting to animal lovers and quite true.

A feature of My Magazine has always been the constant endeavour to build up character, and this aim is finely pursued in an article on What Sort of a World is Yours? The suggestion running through this stimulating appeal is that by our own thoughts and frame of mind we can make the world around us happy for ourselves. *We are as we think.* Then why not think sweetly, boldly, cheerfully, ideally?

With this fine article comes a fine gallery of happy pictures of people who made their own worlds.

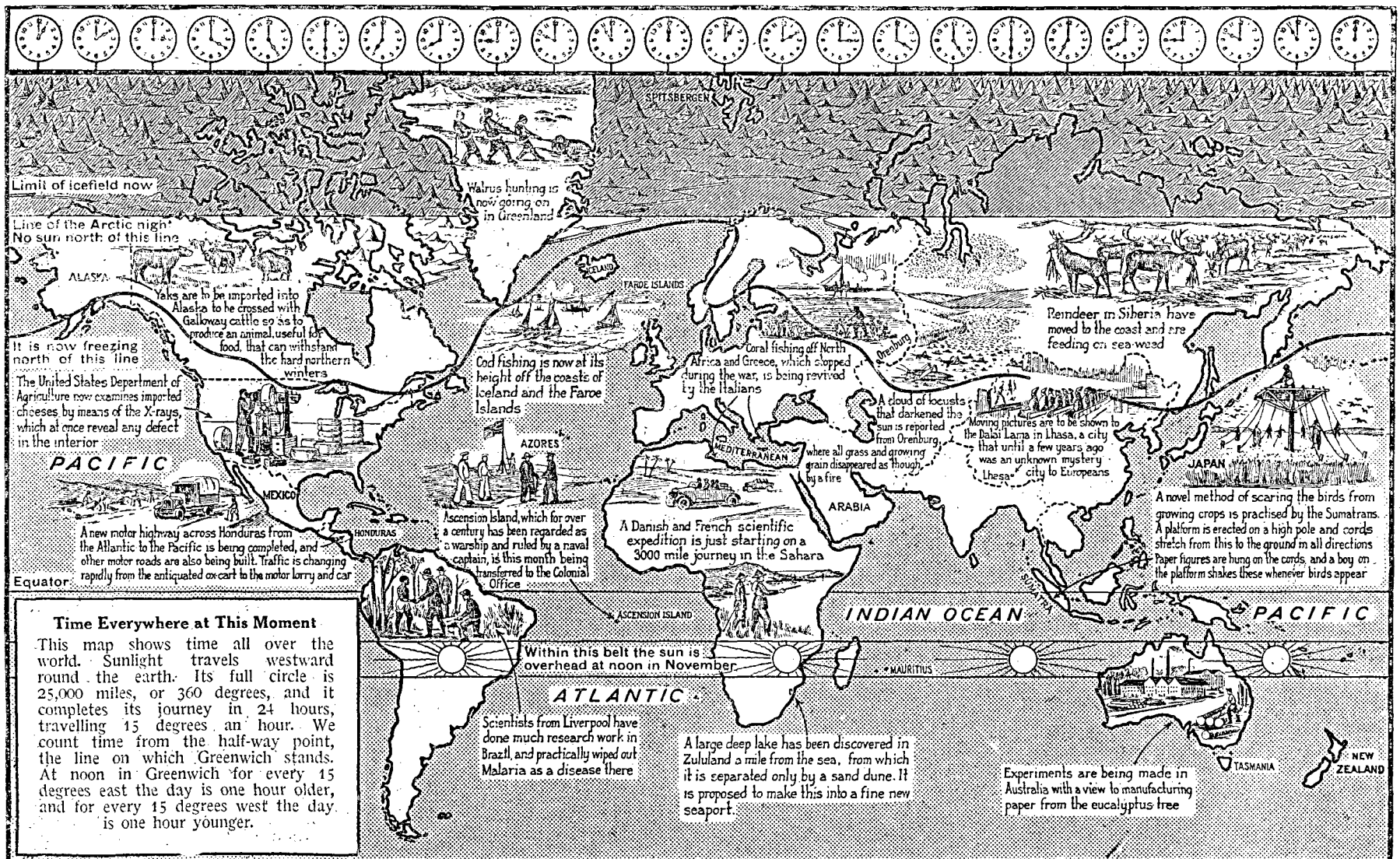
Gold! What power it has over many lives! This lure of gold is analysed in a bright article by a famous writer, and gold is given its true place.

A Ship Without a Man

Then there is an enthralling picture explanation, such as My Magazine is famous for, showing the wonderful way in which a ship at sea, without a single man on board, may be controlled and steered from the clouds by a man in an aeroplane. It is one of the miracles of the modern world, puzzling to many of us; but it will no longer puzzle the readers of My Magazine. They at least are kept up to date with the marvellous movement of the world.

As for the stories, the poems, and a hundred other things that make this magazine famous, so that it keeps children from their beds and old men in the chimney corners, we must leave them. They will delight you when you see them.

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



AN ELEPHANT'S CALL Visit to a Welsh Hotel

A year or two ago we gave a remarkable tale of the memory of an elephant which, recalling a friendly baker who had presented it with a loaf and happening to pass his bakery some years later, put its trunk into the shop and helped itself.

We do not know whether memory of previous drinks, or original sin, or merely thirst is to account for a prank just played by another elephant which has recently been performing in a theatre in Wales.

Next door to the theatre is a hotel, and between two performances the elephant left its stable, entered the hotel by a side-door, and seized a mug of beer, which it drank with evident enjoyment. According to the report, the elephant, having emptied the mug, held it out for another supply, and when this was refused quickly left the hotel.

We thought an elephant had too much sense to drink such stuff as beer.

SEAGULL AND THE SAILOR Home to Dinner

A Vancouver pilot had a strange experience the other day.

He heard a bird screaming wildly in a lane behind his house, and when he went to see what was the matter, to his surprise an enormous grey gull, still screaming, flew up and perched itself on his shoulder.

As soon as he had recovered from his shock the pilot took the gull into his house, and regaled it with hard biscuits, milk, pork, and bacon. It seemed thoroughly to enjoy its feed, and when it had finished its repast it gave a little scream, as if to say "Thank you," and soared away to sea.

We know how friendly the pigeons of St. Paul's and the British Museum have become, but this is surely about the first time that a wild seagull has perched on a sailor's shoulder and had a dinner of bacon and pork!

A REMARKABLE FACT Walking Two Miles with a Fractured Skull

A man who was knocked down the other day by a motor-cycle visited the hospital, walked two miles without assistance, had a meal, and then went home by tram. The next day he died as a result of the accident, and it was found that he had four ribs broken and a fracture seven inches long in his skull.

It is a very remarkable thing how some men can receive fearful and fatal injuries without collapsing or showing any signs of nervous shock, while often men of greater endurance and of higher nervous development are prostrated by smaller accidents.

A BOY ON FIRE The Dangers of Phosphorus

A boy walking on Dover sea-front suddenly burst into flames, and, though four men had the presence of mind to tear off his blazing clothes, he was severely burned.

It seems he had picked up a tube washed ashore and had put it in his pocket. Unfortunately the tube contained an inflammable mixture of phosphorus used for making smoke screens by vessels of the Dover Patrol, and the heat of his pocket set it on fire. White phosphorus is always a dangerous substance to handle, for it bursts into flame at 120 degrees Fahrenheit, or even if subjected to a little friction.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Beethoven	Ba-to-ven
Concerto	Kon-chair-to
Merope	Mer-o-pe
Opsonins	Op-so-nins
Pharmacopoeia	Far-mah-ko-pe-yah
Pleiades	Ple-yah-deez
Pliocene	Pli-o-seen
Popocatepetl	Po-po-kah-tay-petl
Wichitas	Wich-e-tawz

THE OLDEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD Fossil Fishes to Heal Diseases

Scientists have recently issued an appeal to all travellers in strange lands, and to settlers in places where our knowledge of botany is limited, to make close examination of the plants and trees.

The world needs new fibres, new foods, new beauties, and also it needs new medicines. Quinine, which saves millions of lives every year in India alone, is a secret given to us by a barbarous people.

Few things are valueless that come to science. An entirely new source of life was tapped for our fields when Dean Buckland unearthed fossils of gigantic lizards of millions of years ago, ground them to powder, and used them as the first artificial fertilisers.

Just as strange a secret is known to doctors who deal with certain affections of the human body. They prescribe a drug, called ichthyol, that is obtained by distilling fishes that lived countless millions of years ago.

The most ancient things in the British Pharmacopoeia, they are among the newest remedies for human ailments.

SEEN FROM A TRAIN How a Boy's Life was Saved

Two passengers in an express train running through Yorkshire saw from the carriage window a bull on its knees goring a prostrate boy.

Their first impulse was to pull the communication cord and stop the train, but on second thoughts they scribbled on a piece of paper the message: "Bull killing boy in field back Wressle Station," and threw it out of the window at a road crossing, and when the train stopped at the next station one of them dashed to the signal-box and hurriedly telephoned to Wressle Station.

The moment the station-master received the news he gave the alarm, and the whole staff of the station went to the rescue and succeeded in driving off the bull just in time to save the boy's life.

AMERICA'S SURPRISE President Loses His Great Majority

TROUBLES OF A RICH COUNTRY

By Our Political Correspondent

The elections in the United States have surprised the Americans themselves and the world.

The Republicans seemed to have gained, at the previous election, a secure position that might be expected to last through President Harding's term of office; but now, though they have not been defeated, they have been so weakened by Democratic victories that President Harding's party will have to proceed cautiously if they are to avoid disagreeable rebuffs.

In the House of Representatives the Republican majority is only ten, and in the Senate only fifteen. These are numbers that will not allow the Government to feel free to act boldly.

Why is it, we wonder, that in America there has been a change in public opinion greater than anyone had expected? The Americans are asking the question, and are giving a number of answers without much confidence.

The truth seems to be that there, as well as in all other parts of the world, discontent is widespread. Though the country has collected a large share of the gold of the world, and is richer by far than any other land on Earth, there is unemployment, uneasiness, and a sense of mismanagement and blundering.

The American mind is not at rest any more than the European mind is. There is a feeling that the country is not succeeding as well as it should, and the Government is more or less vaguely blamed, and this common feeling has now been registered at the polls. The country is under the shadow of loss through the war, the loss of the world's prosperity which waste and ruin have brought, and all the world's gold heaped up high cannot alter it. What the world needs is not gold, but sanity and high endeavour.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 25 1922

Mr. Gorilla Savagei

ALL decent-minded people are glad that we are not to have long accounts in our grown-up papers of another fight between a black man and a white.

The C.N. has no word to say against the Negro race, for which it has great sympathy; but fights between whites and blacks are horrible, and we rejoice that the Home Secretary, by one of the first official acts of Mr. Bonar Law's Government, issued an order forbidding such a fight.

We were reminded of it in passing down Piccadilly the other day when, after reading the posters of the stopping of the London fight, we saw, displayed in the shop window of a well-known naturalist, a stuffed and fortunately very dead gorilla.

The gorilla, of course, is the largest of the apes, and his Latin name, Gorilla Savagei, expresses his disposition. He is very strong, ferocious, and six feet high. His body is enormous, his arms long, his tusks prominent, and his brows beetling. Altogether, he is not exactly the sort of animal one would like to meet in a forest.

But what a boxer! The Senegalese man, Siki, made short work of the Frenchman, Georges Carpentier, but we wonder what would become of the Senegalese if he had a single round with Mr. Gorilla Savagei, fresh from Africa. We imagine the contest would be short and sharp and that Mr. G. S. would quickly become a champion heavyweight.

Such a consideration reminds us of the folly and degradation of those exhibitions of brute strength which have come to be fashionable in certain circles. We are asked to rejoice when a man's lip is split, or when his nose is broken, or when his head is reduced to a condition which makes even hardened reporters shudder.

If civilisation is to return to an admiration of brutality then let the gorilla be heard from. If our valuation is to be one of sheer fighting power let us yield to the gorilla as the master of us all.

For our part, although a gorilla could easily beat the African, we would rather be the beaten African than the gorilla. And, although the Senegal man has beaten the Frenchman, we would rather be the Frenchman than the Senegal man. And also, although the Frenchman could probably kill the creator of Peter Pan at a blow, we would, with all respect to Carpentier, rather be a Barrie.

It is good for boys and men, for girls and women, to keep themselves in health and strength and to contend in sports and pastimes. We have to beware, however, of a return to savagery, which degrades alike the fighters, the organisers, and the spectators. We hope to see an end of this sham sport made up half of brutality and half of greed.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



An Ugly Thing

WE very much regret to see a soldier with an ugly bayonet standing high amid the streaming roar of Holborn.

The honour of the memory of those men whose fame will never die, who live for ever by their deathless deeds, is a fine, uplifting thing, and the desire to remember their honour in visible form does Holborn honour too. But does it honour a noble spirit to picture it with a bayonet, a thing of hate?

We prefer the gentle memorials of Peace that many towns have had set up—such as that angel of Peace unveiled in France the other day by Marshal Joffre for the people of Missouri.

We love the streets of London; we love the memory of these everlasting heroes; and we love these things too much to love the disfigurement of a great highway by an ugly weapon which says Hate to our children every time they pass.



The Peace Memorial unveiled in France for America by General Joffre

Broken Sentences

A CORRESPONDENT sends us another illustration of the tricks played by sentences broken unawares, to which we referred the other day.

Over the entrance of the Blackfriars tram terminus shelter there were two notices reading:

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS
NO SMOKING ALLOWED

During the war, when all lights had to be reduced, only the last half of these notices was illuminated, and so after dark one saw the announcement:

PICKPOCKETS
ALLOWED

Wages

THE Bishop of Woolwich spoke a true word when he said, "It is not right that a man should take money without having to work for it."

It means, as we understand it, that we should not pay less respect to the man who has worked and earned his money than to the man who inherited it.

When all the honour that is ours has come as wages for what we have done, we have as much dignity as any man can have. It is good to have a noble ancestry, but if we can boast of nothing but our long descent we have, indeed, come down in the world.

Tip-Cat

A PESSIMIST declares that what we need is a new world. So far all we have got toward it is a new moon.

WOMEN will speak, says a newspaper. But that is not news.

It is complained that under the late Government even bacon went wrong. Let us hope the new one will cure it.

CLEVER people are generally small. Yet they beat their rivals by a head.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, What is the ideal larder? The answer is—a full one.

A REVEREND gentleman thinks the profession of arms the noblest in the world. He himself is satisfied with less than the noblest.

MAN, we are told, is no better than he was ten thousand years ago. A pretty long illness.

A HOUSEKEEPER writes that woman's work is never done. Then it is surely time she began to do it.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE declares that he stands for sound progress. That explains the noise.

The Test

A JUDGE has been remarking that it is the greatest possible meanness to be rude to servants. To say nothing of decency, there is no sense in being rude to anybody.

The true test of politeness is not in our behaviour toward those we cannot afford to offend, but in our behaviour toward humble folk who cannot afford to take offence if we humiliate them.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW If the aeroplane is an oversight

To the Proof

By Harold Begbie

If you were in a corner,
Brought face to face with death,
When every moment counted
And quick came every breath,
Now, tell me, on your honour,
If thus your heart were tried,
The sort of friend you'd long for
To stick it by your side:

A STRAIGHT lad or a crooked,
A brave boy or a funk,
A true boy or a liar,
A clean boy or a skunk,
A boy who slinks and giggles
And yields to every lure,
Or one whose mind is steadfast
And one whose heart is pure?

If life is full of corners
And perils block the road,
If ups and downs come frequent,
And heavy is man's load,
Now, tell me, with your reason,
The soul you'll choose for friend
To cheer you and to help you
And stick it to the end:

A LIGHT soul or an earnest,
A weak soul or a strong,
A soul that goes by goodness
Or one that follows wrong,
A soul that chooses shadows
And turns all life to mock,
Or one whose house of honour
Is built upon a rock?

The Farmer's Daughters

By Our Country Girl

FOUR or five great-grandparents ago Mr. X's forebears were Scottish, and so he continually abuses the South country in which he and his father and his grandfather have always lived.

The other day he was bewailing the Southerner's indifference to education. In Scotland, he said, every shepherd's son took naturally to oatmeal and Latin.

At this Mrs. Y put down her knitting. "In Sussex," she began, "there is a farm. I won't tell you precisely where. Try to take a bone from an Alsatian wolf-hound; try to take her eggs from a snake; try to take the racquet from Kitty McKane. But don't try to steal my summer lodgings from me."

"The farmer is dead. His three elderly daughters do nearly all the outside work, besides the cooking and cleaning." Mrs. Y's face became suffused with a tender smile as of beautiful memories as she exclaimed: "Oh, their butter! Their green peas! Their cream! Their apple-tart!"

"Oh!" we all sighed in chorus, forgetting Scotland.

Then Mrs. Y came to earth again and concluded: "They learned Greek in order to read the New Testament in the original."

Prayer of Ignatius Loyola

Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest, to give and not to count the cost, to fight and not to heed the wounds, to toil and not to seek for rest, to labour and not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we do Thy will.

Which Would You Rather Be?



Mr. Gorilla Savagei



Mr. Siki



Mr. Carpentier



Sir J. M. Barrie

OLD JOHN BROWN MAN WHO FOUGHT EVIL THE WRONG WAY

Last Survivor of a Historic
Scene Dies

A MISTAKEN LITTLE BAND

Quite recently there died in the United States, at the age of 89, a man who, 63 years ago, took part in a deed which rang round the world. His name was William H. Lipscomb.

He was the last man left of the party of Confederates who captured and executed John Brown, the enthusiastic Northerner who began the fighting in the United States which ended in the setting free of four million slaves.

This was the John Brown of whom was written the song that inspired the troops of the Northern States as they marched to the war.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

Every American boy knows the story of John Brown.

North and South

John was a religious man, plain and rough, and he became wholly possessed by the idea of freeing the slaves in the Southern States. At that period the population of all the United States was 31 millions. Nineteen millions lived in the Northern States and twelve millions in the Southern States, and of these four millions were slaves.

The Northern people generally did not believe in slavery; most of the people in the Southern States did. But the Northerners, who during the war were called the Federals because they were determined that all States should be federated together as one country, were mostly convinced that freedom could be introduced by persuasion and moral pleading. So editors like William Lloyd Garrison; poets like Whittier, Longfellow, and James Russell Lowell; novelists like Harriet Beecher Stowe; and statesmen like Abraham Lincoln argued that the defenders of slavery might be brought into a better mind.

A Holy War

Not so John Brown. He believed in fighting. He thought of it as a holy war which he was commissioned by God to begin. And he began it. The State of Kansas was partly peopled by slaveholders and partly by men who hated slavery, and there he recruited a band of fighters. Friends in the North, who were organising methods of escape for slaves from the Southern to the Northern States, assisted him with means.

More fully to arm his men John Brown determined to capture an arsenal at Harper's Ferry, where there were military stores. It was distinctly an act of war that he planned. Making a sudden descent on the arsenal with 22 men, three of whom were his own sons, he captured the arsenal on October 16, 1859, and with it 60 of the Confederates, as the Southerners were called.

Failure of Force

His success was short-lived. Two days later Robert E. Lee, with whom was William H. Lipscomb who has recently died, attacked and completely defeated John Brown's band. Ten were killed, including two of Brown's sons; seven were captured, John Brown, badly wounded, being one of them; and five, including a son, Owen Brown, escaped. John Brown was at once tried, convicted, and executed, as were all the prisoners.

The attempt to stamp out slavery by force had failed utterly, but John Brown's faith in his cause, though it was shown in a violence that could not be defended, deeply impressed many sympathisers, and several years later, when war was raging far and wide, it was true that John Brown's soul marched with the friends of freedom to final victory.

THE GREYBEARDS OF THE RED TAXIS

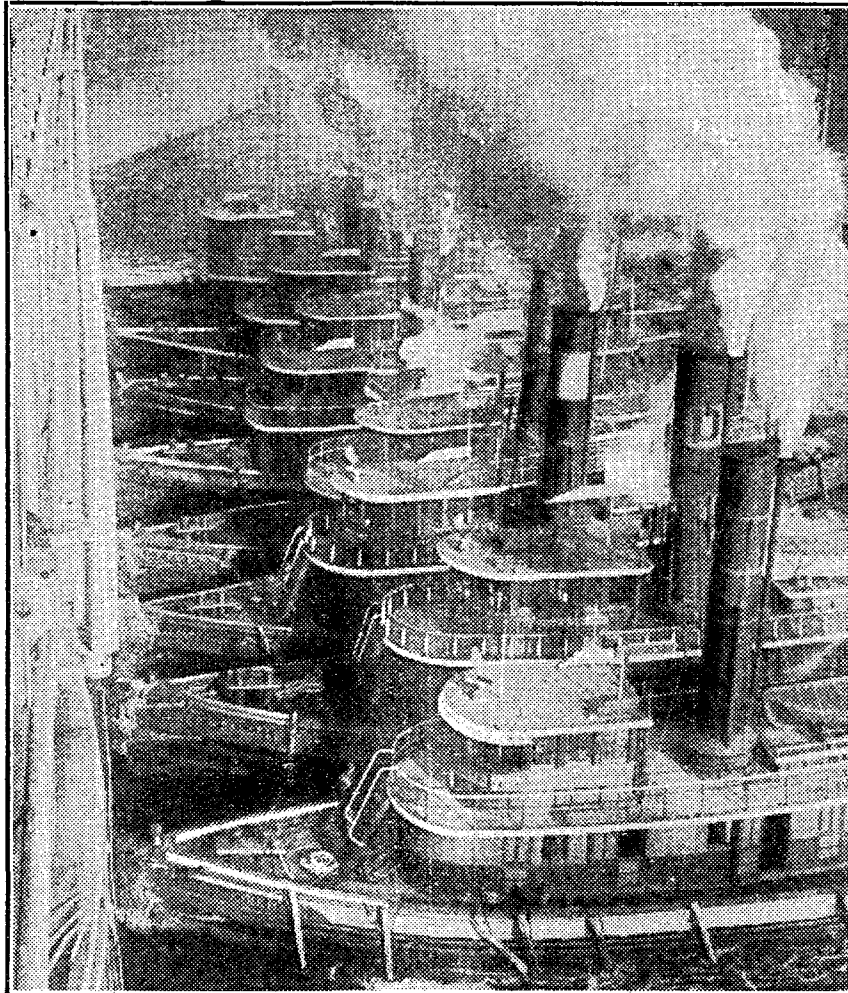
At a critical moment during the Battle of the Marne, General Gallieni rushed troops from Paris to the fighting-line in the old red taxi-cabs of Paris. Six thousand troops were rushed up in this way, six in each taxi.

To reach the fighting-line the chauffeurs—mostly elderly, grey-bearded men—had to drive along roads and across ploughed fields swept by shell fire, but they faced the danger cheerily, and when General Gallieni explained the risk to one grey-bearded chauffeur, the old man replied: "We chauffeurs will follow the example of our army comrades

and go where we are told." For two whole days the red taxis rushed backward and forward through the zone of fire, and the left wing of the French army was saved.

Now most of the old red taxis have gone the way of the "one-horse shay," and more luxurious taxis have taken their place; but one old red cab is to be kept in the War Museum of the Invalides, in Paris, in memory of the part the taxis played at the critical moment; and with dramatic propriety it is to be placed next to the railway coach in which the Armistice was signed.

A BIG PUSH IN NEW YORK HARBOUR



Eighteen tugs, with their bows carefully swathed in rope fenders so as not to scrape the paint, had to push the giant liner Majestic into her berth at New York the other day, owing to the adverse pressure of the high wind and tide. This photograph shows some of the tugs pushing the side of the liner

DOES THE MOON HELP TO FEED US?

Flowers that Follow Her

We know how sunlight assists green plants to make starch and sugar, which are the foundation stones of all food, but we have always supposed that moonlight, which has only a 600-thousandth of the brilliancy of sunlight, could have no chemical power of that sort. But now men of science begin to think that the Moon is also a food-maker.

It has been found that green algae grow most luxuriantly at the times of full Moon. It has been found, too, that more oxygen is given off by algae in moonlight than in darkness, which shows that in the moonlight carbon dioxide is being broken up and starch formed.

And some observers have just shown that there are certain flowering plants whose stems bend toward the Moon, whose flowers follow the Moon as the sunflower follows the Sun, and whose little breathing pores open under the influence of the moonlight.

So that clearly we must no longer say: "The gentle Moon that nothing does but shine."

A MYSTERIOUS TOOTH

Did it Belong to Ape, Bear, or Man?

Some time ago a mysterious tooth was discovered in Nebraska in a bed of fossils of the Pliocene Age.

The other fossils were chiefly the remains of extinct mammals, and the most interesting thing about them was that they seemed related to Asiatic mammals, and suggested that Asia and America had been formerly united. But this tooth was a puzzle, and none of the men who study these things has been able with certainty to identify its owner.

Professor Osborn, the leading palaeontologist of America, thinks that it is the second upper molar tooth of a Primate—that is to say, a tooth of a member of the same order to which oranges, gorillas, chimpanzees, and men belong—nevertheless not a tooth of any known member, but probably of a hitherto undiscovered ape-man, more ancient even than the Pithecanthropus fossil man of Java.

Professor Elliot Smith, another great authority, agrees with Professor Osborn, but Dr. Woodward of the British Museum is of the opinion that the tooth belongs to an extinct bear like those already discovered in Pliocene fossil beds.

THE GREAT ELECTION

THE 600 M.P.s AND THE
20 MILLION VOTERS

Did They Discuss Together
the Things that Matter?

PERSONS AND PRINCIPLES

Before the General Election of 1922 fades into the past there are several points we should like to think over together. The C.N. has not taken an active part in it because we prefer to keep out of the dusty arena where politicians scuffle together. But some reflections on looking back may not be out of place.

What a fine chance it was for the politicians to take the twenty millions of voters into their confidence, and have a talk beforehand about the questions that almost certainly will be occupying the time of Parliament in the immediate future!

In ordinary times the number of people who are trying to think their hardest and best about the affairs of their country is not large if it be compared with the whole population.

The Willingness to Hear

But during the weeks when the winning of votes becomes important, and all the electors are being asked to take a manly or womanly part in forming a Government, those who are interested become more eager and the indifferent throw off some of their apathy. The politically deaf are willing to hear, and the dumb find a voice.

Were this willingness to hear and this desire to think used as they should have been used at this Election? We fear they were not so used.

The Parliament to be elected was supposed to have before it five years of life, years of deep importance because of the difficulties left by the enormous expenses of the Great War and the unemployment caused by the poverty of the world.

Educating a Nation

Some of the problems that would arise in those years could be foreseen clearly, particularly the burden of the nation's debts. Would it not have been fair and wise, open and honest, for men of all parties to have discussed with the twenty million electors, frankly and lucidly, the questions that will have to be discussed in Parliament in the immediate future?

Would it not have been an education in public affairs for the whole nation if the arguments that must be used in Parliament presently when action will be taken had at once been brought out?

And yet it was the rarest of election experiences to hear these vital questions of the future sanely discussed in the hearing of the electors. No party has gone back to the House of Commons with a plan that has been disclosed to the people of the country and sanctioned by them.

Distracting the Voter

Instead of getting right down to the business of the future in consultation with the electors of the nation the electors were distracted by personal squabbling, and much that mattered most was evaded. To that extent the General Election was a failure. No joint plans were agreed upon by the candidates and the electors. The opinion of the country was taken on persons, but not on principles or projects, and an opportunity for political education was lost.

Let C.N. readers see to it that when their time comes to rule the State they face boldly the things that make States great or small, fine or mean. And let us all now keep our faces to the future.

RAVENS IN TOWN RARE BIRDS VISIT THE LAWYERS' QUARTERS

Black-Coated Couple Surprise
Passers-By

MANY BIRD SANCTUARIES IN LONDON

The raven as a wild bird is now almost extinct in Great Britain. With the exception of a few that breed in the wilder parts of Scotland and Ireland and in one or two places in Wales and South-Western England, the bird is unknown, though at one time it was common all over the country.

When, therefore, passers to and fro in Gray's Inn Square, in London, the other day saw a pair of ravens stepping about "with many a flirt and flutter," they were naturally surprised.

Their eyes had not deceived them. These birds were really ravens, and they had been introduced to London once more by Sir Montagu Sharpe, K.C., a Benchers of Gray's Inn and a keen Nature lover. It remains to be seen whether they will nest.

A Long-Lived Bird

Their natural nesting site is a tall tree, but, owing to persecution, they have changed their habits in self-defence, and now nest on inaccessible cliffs.

The raven is an exceedingly interesting bird, for, unlike most of its kind, it pairs for life and uses the same nest year after year. If it can be persuaded to nest in Gray's Inn next year, it may continue to do so year after year.

It is the earliest of all our British birds to breed. It begins building its nest in January, and the eggs are laid in February. It has the reputation of being one of the longest lived of all birds; certainly it is one of the hardiest, for it seems to be able to adapt itself to any climate, though it prefers a cold one.

Of course, there is no disguising the fact that the raven is very destructive and will take toll of small lambs left by their dams. It also feeds on hares, rabbits, and birds of all kinds, though the greater part of its food, when it can obtain it, is carrion.

Bird Sanctuaries in the Park

Other birds, however, that had forsaken London are now being induced to return and to nest in the very heart of the great metropolis.

During the present year among the birds that, in perfectly natural conditions, have hatched out their eggs and brought up their families in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are the missel thrush, song thrush, starling, redbreast, blackbird, hedge sparrow, chaffinch, lesser whitethroat, blue tit, great tit, spotted flycatcher, wren, tawny owl, wood pigeon, moorhen, coot, and mallard—a truly wonderful and splendid record when we remember the bustle and traffic and noise close by.

An attempt is now being made to attract still more birds to London, and to make it easy for them to nest by forming bird sanctuaries in the royal parks.

Attracting the Birds to Town

The King has given permission for Buckingham Palace Gardens to be used for this purpose, and two or three sites have already been selected there by the committee appointed to consider the establishment of bird sanctuaries.

Similar sanctuaries are to be set up in Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, St. James's Park, Regent's Park, Greenwich Park, and Richmond Park, and it is believed that without curtailing in any way the privileges of the public, or withdrawing from them any land to which they now have access, the birds can be attracted to these parks and will find there suitable nesting sites.

It would indeed be curious if London became one of the greatest bird sanctuaries in the country. Cats and grey squirrels are foes of the birds, but it is believed that the difficulty caused by the presence of these can be overcome.

NEW PORT FOR SOUTH AFRICA

General Smut's Discovery
ZULULAND'S GREAT LAKE
NEAR THE SEA

It seems strange that a geographical discovery of great importance should be made in South Africa today, for we generally regard that part of the Empire as fully explored.

Yet General Smuts has made a discovery which may have very far-reaching effects on the future of South Africa.

He recently found in Zululand, about twelve miles south of Kosi Bay and within a mile of the Indian Ocean, a great lake about twenty miles across, deep enough for the biggest vessel afloat. It is separated from the sea only by a sand dune about fifty feet high, which could easily be cut through so as to make a channel from the sea to the lake for the passage of ships.

It is now proposed to make this landlocked deep-water basin, Mlange Lake, a great harbour, so as to render the northern part of the Union independent of Delagoa Bay, which is owned by the Portuguese.

A thorough examination of the district and its possibilities is being made, on behalf of the Union Government, and if the project is carried through we may see one of the finest and safest harbours in the whole of the African continent grow up in Zululand, and continue to increase in power and importance as Rhodesia and other areas in British South Africa are developed industrially and agriculturally. See World Map

ANOTHER CHAMPION

Keeping Upright on a Log

Out in the great lumber lands beyond the sea, when the huge "booms" of logs come running down the rivers to the sawmills, the stranger is wont to marvel at the agility, cleverness, and nerve of the lumberjacks, who seem to walk about so unconcernedly on the plunging, twisting, rolling mass of moving timber.

Now the world's championship in log-rolling, carrying with it the title of "King of the White Water," has changed hands.

These log-rolling contests among the lumbermen are as old as the American lumber industry. Two men stand on a floating log which is of uniform diameter over its entire length and, with their spiked boots, begin to make it roll over at an amazing rate. The first man to lose his balance and fall in the water is considered defeated, and all records were broken in this recent contest when Matt Dillon, of Washington State, remained erect for 43 minutes to defeat the title-holder.

CAPTURE OF A WILY WOLF

Thirty Months at Bay

WORK FOR BOY SCOUTS IN THE
WILD WEST

For two and a half years a great wolf has been marauding Washington State, preying on sheep and cattle.

Never was there such a wily wolf. It was no sooner reported in one place than it appeared in another. It seemed charmed against bullets, and evaded the most cunningly laid traps.

But at last, after killing about 6000 worth of livestock, it has been caught by a trap carefully concealed on its trail. Even when trapped it made a fight for liberty, and dragged the trap and chain nearly seven miles before a hunter overtook and shot it. It proved to be a huge wolf, 5 feet 8 inches from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail.

There seems to be still some tracking work for Boy Scouts in the Wild West.

FEEDING AN ARMY

A NEW WAY OF DOING IT

The Moving Belt and How it
Carries Lunch Along

SAVING TIME IN THE WORKS

There is a saying that an army marches on its stomach, which means, of course, that an army cannot march or fight without food.

That is so true that many a battle has been lost because the commissariat failed. It is just as true that the industrial army needs to be well-fed if it is to succeed, and most of the world's industrial captains are realising this.

For example, there is a great electric manufacturing company in Pennsylvania, which employs 50,000 work-people. The management of this firm came to the conclusion that they could only expect the best work from their great army by making them thoroughly comfortable. How were they to do it?

Feeding 9000 People an Hour

It had to be done on a gigantic scale or not at all, and what the firm did was to erect a building 300 feet long and 100 feet wide. It has four storeys, is good to look at, and is thoroughly fire-proof. In it 9000 people can be fed in an hour.

The service is of a novel character. Each service counter has in front of it a continuous moving belt. The worker, supplied with a tray and the usual plated ware, places it on the slowly moving belt, and as it moves he walks alongside it, helping himself to what he wants from the counter behind. Food of many sorts is laid out ready on plates, and he has only to take up whatever plate he fancies.

At the end of the belt the plate slips off on to the service counter, as we slip off the moving stairs on a tube railway in London. In this way 34 people a minute can pass each service counter. It is said to be perfectly successful.

The meals cost about a shilling, with an extra fivepence for fruit.

Lightning Coin Changer

After thus getting his meal, the worker pays a clerk who is armed with a lightning coin changer, and proceeds to the dining-room, where the tables are of white enamel. After he has finished, he is expected to put his tray on another moving belt, which carries it to the dish-washing room. Here the dirty dishes are dealt with by wonderful machines which clean them at the rate of 14,000 an hour. The machine is simply a big box in which sprays of hot soapy water dash against the ware and melt off the grease. The temperature of the machine is so high that the plates come out of it clean and dry.

There are all sorts of ingenious electrically driven machines, which peel potatoes or mash them, or slice bread, or grind coffee, or chop meat. The bread-cutters cut off 150 slices a minute.

Baking in Electric Ovens

The potato-masher mashes 10 gallons of potatoes a minute. There is a freezing room, for Americans attach great importance to refrigeration. Bread, pies and pastries are baked in big electric ovens, which maintain precise temperatures, and therefore give certain results. From the stores to the kitchens the food is conveyed automatically. Care is taken to keep the baked meals hot and the butter cold.

The firm in question, the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, are thoroughly satisfied with the results of embarking a considerable amount of capital upon what seems, at first sight, unremunerative work. The real truth is that the added comfort of the workers is as much an asset for the employer as for the employed.

12 BEST INVENTIONS

List Made by C.N. Readers

£150 IN GRANTS

In a recent number of the C.N. readers were asked by the Editor to say what they considered the twelve best inventions, and this is the list in the order of voting:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Steam Engine | 7. X-Ray Apparatus |
| 2. Wireless | 8. Spinning Wheel |
| 3. Printing | 9. Clock |
| 4. Telephone | 10. Anaesthetics |
| 5. Aeroplane | 11. Compass |
| 6. Sewing Machine | 12. Plough |

The Editor offered £100 to the reader whose list came nearest to the actual list as decided by the votes, but, curiously enough, no competitor came very near. The best were ten readers who placed four of the inventions correctly, and among these the £100 has been equally divided. £10 will be sent to:

David K. Dunnett, The Cottage, Canisbay, Wick; A. R. Wyldbore Smith, Meadowcroft, Windermere; Arthur Moseley, 220, Banks Rd., Small Heath; Margaret Hambro, Hill House, Milton Abbas, Blandford; R. W. Brice, 11, Herbert Street, Gloucester; D. Johnson, Thatched Cottage, Cob Moor; Robert Darroch, 40, Third Avenue, Renfrew; Mary Howe, Olive Mount, Kirkstall; Charles Wilmers, School for Officers' Children, 15, Friesenplatz, Cologne; Fred Ludlam, Brookhouse Mill, Loughton, Rotherham.

The one hundred prizes of 10s. each have been awarded to the following competitors, whose lists contained three of the inventions placed correctly.

Frank Marshall, Southport; Olive J. Paine, Chatham; Maria Reid, Edinburgh; Albert Withers, Horton, near Chipping Sodbury; M. King, Nottingham; Alfred White, Sunderland Point, near Lancaster; Stanley Hall, Bignall End; Hilda Healey, Radcliffe; Ian Robertson, Crowborough; Constance Hocking, St. Austell; Matthew Cowell, Garston; A. Enstock, Codnor; Nora Wilson, Crayhead S.O.; Stanley Jackson, Flimby; Lily Bond, Ramsgate; James Frame, Carlisle; Sally M. Davies, Llanelly; Oliver Fitzgerald, Waterford; W. H. Baugh, Normanton; Charles McKenzie, Glasgow.

H. A. Welford, Handforth; Elwyn Ambrose, Corwen; Mima G. Coutts, Stirling; Norman Hey, Burley; Miss E. Bevan, Aberdare; E. H. Woodcock, Cairo, Egypt; Ronald Beck, Greenwich; R. L. Nash, Maidenhead; Helen Campbell, Belfast; Cosmo Stewart, Grantown-on-Spey; E. Hutchinson, Middlesbrough; Liz Reid, Belfast; H. Bowyer, Portsmouth; Helen Paton, Rugeley; Elsie Foster, Stockport; A. D. Mackenzie, Calne; Ed. Folkes, Walthamstow; K. M. Woodhead, Pontefract; Ivy C. Ince, Wanstead; H. H. Pilcher, Southend.

Willie Baur, Schaffhausen; George Campbell, Alloa; Mary Hicks, Bodmin; M. J. Richards, Bowdon; Angus McIntosh, Sunderland; Nancy Rees, Port Talbot; Winnie Wren, Preston Plucknett; N. E. Stephens, Milom; Robert Allison, Morpeth; Mollie Struthers, Coalburn; Nella Dodds, Murton S.O.; Irene Crossley, Emley; Beatrice Brook, Failsforth; Leslie Jones, Walton-on-the-Naze; John Winship, Dunston-on-Tyne; H. M. Hatfield, Southampton; H. A. Cooper, King's Heath; Miss H. Merrick, Staines; Thomas Crossley, Seedley; Eifion Roberts, Tanybwlch, R.S.O.

Nora Hughes, Edinburgh; Tom McCall, Medomsley; A. Punter, Luton; Harold Moxam, Ripon; Lydia M. Seaton, Southampton; Noelle Furness, Willesden; Amy Edge, Flixton; Doris Parkes, Teignmouth; William Stafford, Leicester; Nellie Blower, Northwich; Miss H. Stroud, Southampton; George Warner, Upton Snodsbury; L. Heywood, Sydenham; Eva Major, Blackheath; J. M. Christian, Sandrock Hall, near Hastings; Algy Benfield, Naunton; Robert F. Mackenzie, Wattle; Thorstein R. Powell, Leyton; C. D. Rowe, Clapham Park; Elsie Edmonds, Marazion.

Annie Loukes, Cawthorne; Eileen Bissit, Perth; G. Candlish, Langside; T. W. Atkinson, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Herbert Godward, Portsmouth; Margery M. Pitt, Stourbridge; Dorothy Pound, Reading; John A. Atkinson, Barnsley; Robert E. Claxton, West Norwood; Doris Hicks, Tresco, Scilly Isles; Alice Jermy, Scone; M. McGarr, Hawkshead, near Ambleside; T. McGarr, Hawkshead; May Greist, Bramley; Joan Rose, St. Albans; G. Duckett, Penistone; Dorothy Bratley, Sheffield; J. Davis, Crayford; E. Gidmon, Wallasey; J. Bowden, Longridge.

It is very interesting to see the list of inventions which obtained the most votes, and we congratulate all the readers who obtained awards.

VILLAGE IN DARKNESS

The Rat Near Niagara

One night the village of Stevensville, near Niagara, found itself in darkness, and for two and a half days the electricians vainly hunted to find out what had gone wrong. Finally they dug down to the underground electric cable, and found that a huge musk-rat had gnawed through the cable covering in order to eat the beeswax inside it.

But it was a fatal supper, for the current electrocuted the rat, and now all the musk-rats in a neighbouring swamp have been destroyed.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

CARDINAL WOLSEY

Butcher's Son Who Became a Statesman

THE PRIDE THAT HAD A FALL

Nov. 26. Marshal Sout died at Southberg . . . 1851
 27. Magellan sailed into the Pacific Ocean. . . 1520
 28. William Blake born in London 1757
 29. Cardinal Wolsey died at Leicester Abbey. 1530
 30. Mark Twain born at Florida, Missouri . . 1835
 Dec. 1. Pope Leo X died at Rome 1521
 2. Francis Xavier died at San Chian, China . 1552

Cardinal Thomas Wolsey, the most powerful man in England during the first half of the reign of Henry VIII, and during part of the time a commanding figure in European affairs, died at Leicester Abbey, November 29, 1530, while being escorted as a prisoner from York to London, to answer a charge of high treason.

Wolsey's father was an Ipswich butcher and wool merchant, wealthy but not honest. The son was educated at Oxford, and held an influential position there for fifteen years. He was a man of great ability, activity, and dignity, but spoiled by insatiable greed and ambition.

He began to play a leading part in national affairs in the reign of Henry VII, when the king made him his ambassador, first to Scotland and then on the Continent. When Henry VIII came to the throne, in his eighteenth year, Wolsey's power quickly increased, and he became the representative of England in foreign affairs during the keen rivalry in Europe of Charles V of Germany and Francis I of France.

The Man Who Would be Pope

During the Wars of the Roses England had taken scarcely any part in European politics, but Henry VII, with whom the wars ended, grew wealthy and the country prosperous, so that an English alliance was very important to the rivals, Charles and Francis; thus Wolsey, who planned and carried out the English policy, was courted by both sides, and by favouring one side or the other could give it an advantage.

His personal ambition was that he should be elected Pope, and in his dealings with foreign monarchs he always had this end in view. But they were afraid to see such an ambitious and masterful man in that position of influence, and his schemes to sway the world from Rome always failed.

Gradually he lost his power, was surrounded by enemies, and forfeited the favour of Henry VIII.

The Bubble Bursts

The proud Cardinal's schemes abroad had spent the money saved by the miserly Henry VII, and heavy taxes were imposed in England, and the unpopularity that followed fell on Wolsey, not on Henry VIII, the more so because he had become immensely rich and lived more magnificently than the king himself. He had no friends, and when the bubble of his power was pricked by the king, and the cardinal was stripped of all his offices except that of Archbishop of York, everybody rejoiced.

Then followed the only wholly favourable part of his life. He went to York, which hitherto he had neglected, took up his work there in a more humble spirit, was kind to the poor, and gained much local admiration. But those whom he had offended continued to fear and oppose him, and he was summoned to London to be tried for his life. He died with a reproach against King Henry on his lips—"If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

Wolsey was a great man, with grave faults. Even his moral character was not high. But his downfall was tragic, and it softened feeling toward him.



Cardinal Wolsey

THREE TONS OF GOLD FROM WALES

Thousands of Pounds Paid in Royalties

A FAMOUS GOLD RUSH IN BRITAIN

It has just been announced that so far the Welsh gold mines have produced three tons of solid gold, and the Government has received in royalties between £13,000 and £14,000. The wedding rings of the Queen and Princess Mary were made from some of this gold.

At one time it was expected that Wales would become an Eldorado, like the goldfields of Alaska, South Africa, and Coolgardie, and there seemed every reason to justify such an anticipation.

About 60 years ago £36,000 worth of gold was found in a single pocket of a mine situated near Dolgelley, in North Wales, and when the news became known there was a great rush to the Welsh goldfields. Dozens of companies were floated, and thousands of pounds' worth of plant put down. But the great find proved a snare.

A little gold, however, has always been taken out; and it seems curious that within a seven-hours' railway journey of London there should be a gold mine, with a battery of crushers capable of dealing with 150 tons of gold ore a day.

There was much disappointment when the early promise of great finds of gold was not fulfilled, but perhaps the failure was a good thing for Wales, for a rich gold-bearing strata does not attract the most desirable class of people, and Wales is better as it is.

KAN MIN YIU YU

The Chinese Mother at the Chemist's

It is announced that the British Pharmacopoeia has just been translated into Chinese.

Pharmacopoeia is a difficult word, but it is made up of two Greek words and means to prepare drugs. The British Pharmacopoeia is the list of drugs and medicines authorised by the British medical authorities, and revised by them from time to time to keep it up to date.

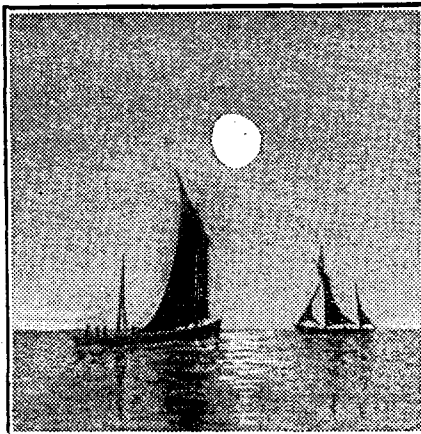
This list has been translated into Chinese for business reasons, as it is believed that the Chinese, who are very careful to get proper guarantees with everything they buy, may be induced, with this list before them, to buy authorised drugs from British business houses instead of from foreign firms.

It has, of course, been extremely difficult to translate some of the names of these chemicals and other drugs into Chinese, and very strange they look in their new dress. Here are a few taken from the new list.

Tasteless castor oil: Yiu pei ma.
 Cod-liver oil: Kan min yiu yu.
 Easton's syrup: Shui t'ang h'ue pu chung k'iang.
 Indigestion mixture: Shui yao pu p'ei siao pu shi yin.

Let us hope these long names will not deter the Chinese housewives from asking for what is good for them.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 8 p.m. on November 29

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

Should the Budgerigar be put With Other Birds?

No; as it is always apt to bite, and will attack and disable small birds put with it in an aviary.

Where Does the Black-Backed Gull Build its Nest?

On the top of a cliff, or an island in sea or lake, or on the ground in marshes or on moors.

Are Flies of any Use?

They get rid of a certain amount of refuse matter, but the harm they do in spreading disease far outweighs any good they do.

Is a Glass Case with Goldfish Harmful in a Bedroom?

No, not if it is kept in a fresh and clean condition, so that there are no evil smells given off.

Why Do Some Birds' Eggs Have Such Hard Shells?

This is generally a provision of Nature to protect the eggs of birds that lay in exposed positions where enemies lurk.

To What Class of Animal Life Does a Tadpole Belong?

It is an early stage in the life of the frog, which is an amphibian—a creature that lives both on land and in the water.

Do Whales Spout?

No; they do not squirt water up into the air. What appears to be this is really the moisture of the breath they expire condensed into visible vapour by the cold air.

Which is the Most Poisonous Snake?

It is difficult to say definitely as opinions differ, but probably the South African puff adder, a member of the viper family. Large mammals succumb very speedily after its bite.

Why Do Sparks Fly When You Stroke a Cat Backwards?

The sparks are caused by electricity. We may sometimes see the same result when a boy or girl combs the hair of the head with a vulcanite comb.

Has a Dromedary Two Humps?

The dromedary is a well-bred Arabian camel and has one hump. It has the same relation to a caravan camel that a racehorse has to a cart-horse. The Bactrian camel has two humps.

Does the Grass Snake Do Good or Harm?

It is harmless so far as inflicting personal injury on man is concerned, and does much good by devouring noxious insects, and even mice. Some say it eats slugs. But it also consumes frogs, which are very useful friends in a garden, and that, therefore, is a black mark against the snake.

What is the Red Fluffy Object Seen on Rose Twigs?

It is known as a bedeguar, and is the home of a little insect called a gallfly, which pierces the twig and in the opening thus made lays her tiny eggs. In some way not yet explained the twig is irritated and grows into the fluffy bedeguar, inside which the eggs are hatched into grubs, to emerge later as winged insects.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does *Sauviter in modo, fortiter in re* mean? Gentle in manner, resolute in deed.

Who was *Plon-Plon*? This was a derisive nickname given to Prince Napoleon Joseph Bonaparte, and is supposed to be a childish pronunciation of Napoleon.

Who is *Vishnu*? A divinity of the Hindu mythology, one of the famous trinity. He is regarded as the preserver, Brahma being the creator, and Siva the destroyer.

Who were the *Wichitas*? A tribe of Red Indians, belonging to the region between the Arkansas and Red rivers.

FAMOUS CLUSTER OF STARS

THE MARVEL OF THE PLEIADES

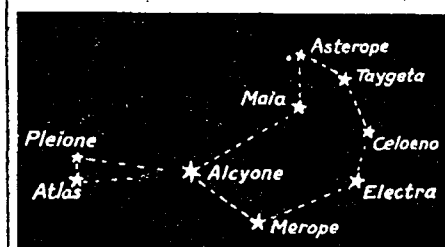
Colossal Globes of Glowing Gas Visible in the East

OCEAN OF HYDROGEN AND HELIUM

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

A singular group of stars may be seen just now due east and almost midway between the horizon and overhead at 7 p.m. They are south-east and much higher up at 9 o'clock, and almost exactly south at midnight.

This is the famous Pleiades cluster. Ordinary sight can, as a rule, distinguish but six stars, but sharp eyes can make out from seven to nine. The group appears to occupy a space about twice the apparent size of the Moon, and produces quite a blaze of starlight; part of this is due to the very large number of stars that are invisible to the naked eye, but even opera glasses will increase



Chief Stars of the Pleiades

the number visible to about fifty, while telescopic photography brings them to over two thousand.

Our star map shows the chief stars of this vast cluster. Pleione, above Atlas, and Asterope are now barely perceptible.

It will be remembered that Job, some 3000 years ago, referred to "the sweet influences of the Pleiades."

Immense Distances of Space

The Pleiades are colossal globes of glowing gas, of which the chief, externally, are helium and hydrogen. They are much larger than our own Sun; and there are reasons for regarding those visible to the naked eye to be at least a hundred times bigger, for our Sun at that distance would require a powerful telescope to enable us to see him.

It has only recently been ascertained at what an immense distance the Pleiades are, the spectro-photometric method showing that their light has been about 325 years crossing the vast space that divides them from us.

Now, bearing in mind that light takes but eight minutes to cross the 93 million miles between us and the Sun, we can thus understand what an enormous void separates us from that whirling mass of colossal suns and fire-mist.

For this we should be thankful, for it has been found from long exposed photographs that the enormous space between those great suns, though amounting to countless millions of miles, is not a void such as our Earth is rushing through, but a vast celestial ocean of luminous, and probably fiery, gas—chiefly hydrogen and helium.

Suns Growing Fainter

Through these terrific stretches of fire-mist, which varies in intensity in different regions, the great glowing suns of the Pleiades are for ever ploughing their way, Alcyone, Maia, and Merope appearing to be particularly immersed in it at present, the whirling vortices of nebulousity being a most fascinating sight to those who realise what it means.

What wonder that the suns themselves vary in brilliance, for it is known that Alcyone, now the brightest, was not always so; and Pleione and Asterope, now barely perceptible to the naked eye, were once quite easily seen; while Merope and Electra, now immersed in oceans of fiery gasses, are both recorded to have vanished centuries ago from unaided vision.

G. F. M.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

A School Story
With a Mystery

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 35 Shooting the Bridge

OWING to the floods which for days past had been sweeping down the Var there was not another boat on the water.

But Ray, though he knew this, did not despair. At Charminster the road bridge crossed the river, and there were sure to be people on it, or near by.

Someone would throw them a rope, or, if there was not time for that, get out a boat and come after them. And while their derelict craft was swept helplessly down the centre of the rushing flood, he tried to impress this view on Ferguson.

But Ferguson had got the wind up properly. He did not answer, but sat huddled up in the stern, white-faced, scared, and so miserable that Ray, though he was angry at the boy's cowardice, had not the heart to tell him so.

The current was running at a tremendous pace—so fast that it was but a very short time before the bridge was in sight. It was a massive, stone-built structure with a double arch, so solid that the very look of it was comforting.

Ray stood up to see if anyone were in sight, but, just as he did so, the boat spun so violently in an eddy that he lost his balance and fell heavily into the bottom.

Ferguson gave a scream of dismay.

"Be careful!" he gasped. "You'll upset her."

Ray got up bruised and rather breathless.

"Shout, you idiot!" he said. But Ferguson did not seem to have spirit left even to shout.

All this time the sky had been darkening, though Ray had been too busy and anxious to notice it; and now, all of a sudden, a blast of cold wind swept across the valley and down came the rain in sheets, driving across in a great grey veil, so thickly that it hid everything beyond a radius of fifty or sixty yards.

Almost in an instant the bridge ahead had vanished, and so had the village. Only the banks were visible, and even they showed dimly in the rushing smother.

Bitter cold stuff it was; too, and it drove through Ray's jersey and shorts, so that in half a minute he was soaked to the skin. But this he hardly noticed in his dismay at losing sight of the bridge. For if he could not see it, it followed that neither could anyone on the bridge or the road see the boat—at least, not in time to stop it.

"Ugh!" gasped Ferguson—"ugh, how cold it is!"

"Cold!" snapped Ray. "You'll be a bit colder if we're swept out into the bay. Shout, you idiot! Shout, I tell you! We've got to make someone hear." As he spoke he raised his own voice. "Hi!" he yelled—"hi! help! someone. We're adrift!"

"Help!" shrieked Ferguson, in a high-pitched scream. Again and again they shouted, but there was no answer.

As Ray realised only too plainly, the pelting storm had driven everyone to cover, and the last place where anyone was likely to remain was on the arch of the bridge, exposed to the lashing rain.

Another moment, and he could see the bridge looming up grey and indistinct through the smother. Ray's heart beat thickly, for he did not believe for a moment that his strength would be sufficient to fend the boat off from the sharp-edged buttress toward which she was flying broadside on.

He saw the flood wave piled high against the green-stained masonry. Then, at the very last moment, when all seemed lost, the cross-current caught the boat, wheeled her sideways, spun her like a chip in a whirlpool, and sent her racing

down through the centre of the black arch.

"Phew!" gasped Ray, as he dropped back on the thwart.

"That was a close call."

He turned to Ferguson.

"Can you swim?" he demanded.

"N-no," was the shivering answer.

"Bah!" retorted Ray in despair. "What good are you, then?"

Ferguson did not answer. Only his teeth chattered.

"Shout!" ordered Ray again.

"Shout for all you're worth! This is our last chance of being heard."

He yelled himself at the pitch of his lungs; and Ferguson, too, did his best. But there was no reply; and next moment the bridge was out of sight again and the boat was being swept at increasing speed down the ever-widening river.

CHAPTER 36 In the Tideway

RAY sat still. He was conscious of a feeling which came very near to panic, and he knew that he must fight it down. This was no time to give way to anything of the sort. He knew that he and Ferguson were in a very tight place, and that, as Ferguson was utterly useless, it depended entirely on himself to get them out of it.

It was ten or twelve miles down to the sea, but he knew that before half the distance would be covered the Var opened out to a width of half a mile or more, and with this wind blowing it was pretty certain that the water would be too rough for the boat to live in it—at least, without any way of steering or handling her.

Ray saw that there might be a chance to wrench a thwart out and use it as a paddle; but without tools that was going to be no end of a job.

Still, there was nothing else for it, so, turning to Ferguson, he told him bluntly what he intended to do and ordered him to help.

"B-but we can't," objected Ferguson. "It—it's nailed in tight."

"It's that or drown," returned Ray curtly. "Here, take hold!"

Ferguson was almost collapsed with terror, and, though bigger and stronger than Ray, his help was precious little use.

Ray tugged with all his force, but the thwart was not nailed but screwed down on to the cleats, and the only result of his efforts was to make the seams gape so that the boat began to leak.

At last Ray gave it up. By this time he was really very near to despair. It was still raining, though not so heavily, but the wind was stronger than ever, and they had now come to a broad reach where the short, steep little waves began to lap over the boat's low sides. Luckily there was a tin in the boat, and Ray set to baling hard.

By this time Ferguson was green with fright. Ray had never seen anyone so scared.

"We shall be drowned," he gasped between chattering teeth.

"Oh, we shall be drowned!"

In spite of his contempt, Ray was almost sorry for the wretched fellow.

"Hold up!" he said. "We're not drowned yet. And the wind seems to be changing, or else the river runs a different way."

Ferguson paid no attention to Ray's words.

"We shall be drowned," he repeated. "Oh, I'm not fit to die!"

Ray bit his lip. It was all he could do not to turn on Ferguson and tell him exactly what he thought of him. But he managed to keep silence, and later he had good reason to be glad that he had done so.

The waves were getting higher, but now the rain had almost stopped. Ray looked round and suddenly caught sight of the shore.

It was the right-hand bank, and to his amazement was only about fifty yards away. What was more, he saw that the boat was driving toward it. He realised, all of a sudden, that they had come round a big bend in the river, so that the wind, which was north-west, was now driving the boat toward the southern bank.

He gave a shout. "Cheer up, Ferguson! There's a chance for us still! The wind's taking us ashore, and if we can keep her afloat a bit longer we shall be all right."

"B-but she'll swamp," chattered Ferguson. "She'll swamp before she gets there."

"She will if we don't bale," replied Ray grimly. "Here! Give me the tin."

As he took it a wave bigger than any yet splashed over the side, leaving inches of water washing to and fro in the bottom. Ray baled frantically, but the boat was drifting broadside to the wind, and the water came aboard faster than Ray could bale it out.

"Bale, Ferguson!" he shouted. "Use your cap, your hands—anything."

For once Ferguson really did obey orders; but it was no use. Every moment the boat sank lower and lower in the water.

Ray glanced desperately toward the shore. It was still thirty yards away, for the boat was not drifting straight upon it, but in a sort of sideways fashion. And the bank itself was showing smooth grey mud bared by a falling tide.

"We'll never do it," he said beneath his breath, and he was right. A big wave lopped over the side, and Ferguson screamed as the boat began to sink.

But Ray kept his head.

"Hang on, Ferguson!" he shouted. "Hang on tight! The boat will keep us up. She'll float us ashore."

Next moment the boat sank beneath them, and Ray gasped at the chill of the water as he went under.

CHAPTER 37 Dead Beat

THE end of the boat to which Ray clung rose slowly, and to his great relief he saw Ferguson holding on to the other end.

"It's all right," he shouted encouragingly. "We shall be in our depth in another minute or two. We're going to get out of it all right."

If Ferguson heard he paid no attention. Ray saw that his very lips were blue, that his eyes were half shut, and that between cold and fright the boy was almost insensible.

"If he lets go, we're done," thought Ray. "And I can't help him, for, if I let go this end of the boat the other will go under."

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The next few minutes were dreadful. The boat seemed barely to crawl, and the worst of it was that the waves broke clean over her so that the two boys were almost as much under water as above it.

As each wave washed over them Ray fully expected to see Ferguson go, but he held on. The bank was only ten yards away when the keel of the overturned boat gave a sudden tilt, and Ray gasped with horror as he saw that Ferguson had at last released his hold.

There was only one thing to do, and Ray did it. Letting go himself, he struck out fiercely and managed to get behind Ferguson just as he was disappearing under the mud-coloured waves. He caught him from behind and managed to drag him up.

Luckily, Ferguson was too far gone to struggle, and swimming with all his might, Ray slowly dragged him toward safety.

But he himself was nearly done. The waves' beat over his head, the water roared in his ears; and in spite of every effort he began to sink.

And then, just as all seemed lost, his hand gripped the bank. Painfully he raised himself, and hauling up the insensible Ferguson, he dropped, absolutely exhausted, beside him.

It was five minutes before he could recover, and when he did struggle up, so stiff that he could hardly move, it was to find Ferguson lying with his eyes shut and insensible.

Ray was badly scared. For the moment he quite thought that the boy was dead.

He looked round. From a clump of trees at some distance he saw smoke rising. There must be a cottage there. Yet he knew he could never drag Ferguson that far. The only thing was to go for help. But he hardly dared leave Ferguson, for, if he did so, when he got back it might be too late.

And while he hesitated, racking his brain for what was best to do, a square figure in soaking flannels came charging down through some reeds along the bank.

Ray stared.

"J-Jimmy!" he gasped. Jimmy Clayton came straight up, and there was the oddest look on his face.

"I saw the boat going under the bridge," he panted. "I ran after her. I saw you get Ferguson ashore. Is he dead?"

"N-no, but pretty near it," stammered Ray.

All of a sudden he knew that he himself was chilled to the marrow and on the verge of collapse.

"There's a cottage along there," said Jimmy. "Can we get him that far?"

Ray set his teeth.

"Yes," he answered hoarsely. They did it between them, but when, with the help of a kindly woman, a fisherman's wife, they had laid Ferguson on a couch by the fire, Ray simply dropped all in a heap. He was not quite unconscious, but he could neither move nor speak.

"The poor lad!" he heard the woman say pitifully. "He's had as bad a time as the other, but he's got more pluck in him. Here's some hot tea, young sir. You give it him while I strips the other and rubs him."

The scalding tea put new life into Ray; and Jimmy lugged him into a big chair close to the fire, then helped him get his sopping clothes off and wrap himself in a big blanket.

Meantime, the woman was busy with Ferguson, and presently got him to bed in the next room.

"You sit with him, sir," she said to Jimmy. "I'll get some tea for you and the other young gent."

Ray sat still. It was everything to be warm and to rest. He was already half asleep when Jimmy came out of the other room—Jimmy, with a curious light in his eyes.

He walked straight up to Ray.

"Ray—Ray, old chap," he said, in a queer strained voice—"Ray, he's told me. Ferguson has told me. What an idiot I've been! Can you ever forgive me?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Who Was He?

The Poet Statesman

ONE of the greatest of European poets, a man whose name is revered today in many countries, had as a child a very vivid imagination. As an example of this he tells us how, delighted with the glories of the morning sun bursting through his bedroom window, he built an incense-altar to it in the room.

His early education was carried out by his father himself, a well-to-do man of leisure, and then at sixteen the boy went to study law at Leipzig University.

He studied painting, and some people regarded him as a coming landscape artist. Indeed he had ambitions in that direction himself and did not give up hope till he was nearly forty.

The excitable life of the university brought on an illness, and on recovery he went to Strasbourg University to continue the study of law. There he made friends who influenced his whole life, with the result that he became a poet.

He did not, however, neglect the law, and at the age of 22 took the degree of Doctor of Laws and then returned to Frankfurt, his native town, to practise as a lawyer. He was greatly influenced by Shakespeare.

The ability to write poetry seemed to come to him naturally and without effort, and sometimes even against his will.

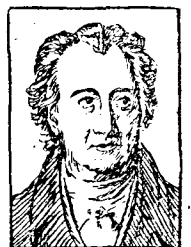
"I was so accustomed," he says, "to say over a song to myself without being able to collect it again, that I sometimes rushed to the desk and, without taking time to adjust a sheet that was lying crosswise, wrote the poem diagonally from beginning to end, without stirring from the spot. For the same reason I preferred to use a pencil, which gives the characters more willingly; for it had sometimes happened that the scratching and spattering of the pen would wake me from my poetising and distract my attention."

His chief masterpiece is a great poetic drama which has been translated into many languages, but he also wrote novels, ballads, essays, masques, and almost every kind of literary composition.

When he was 26 he was invited to a neighbouring State by the reigning grand-duke and took up his residence in the capital which henceforth became more associated with his name than even his native town.

Here he studied science and became a man of affairs. After travelling in Italy he took a very active part in statecraft, and was much distressed when his country lost her independence for a time. Napoleon met him, and is reported to have said that at last he had seen a man.

He died in 1832, and was buried by the side of another famous writer. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





A Merry Man Liveth as Long as a Sad



D! MERRYMAN

AN Englishman who had emigrated to Canada opened a shop in a Western town and put up a sign, "Established 1836."

The next morning his Canadian rival on the other side of the street had painted on the front of his store, "Established yesterday. No old goods on hand."

Who Am I?

MY first is a hundred, yet only is one;
My second you'll guess it before you are done;
Of the seven-hilled city three-fourths you may take,
For this it most truly my second will make;
And my third, you must grant me, 'tis good or 'tis deep;
And my whole it made kingcraft to tremble and weep.

Answer next week

Do You Live in Angel Lane?

ANGEL was a very popular name for city lanes and courts in olden times, the name being taken from the sign of some prominent shop or tavern in the thoroughfare. The signs have gone, and sometimes the shops, but the name survives. At one time there were forty Angel lanes, courts, and so on in the City of London.

A Bird in the Bush

THERE was an old man who said "Hush!"
I perceive a young bird in this bush!"

When they said, "Is it small?"
He replied, "Not at all!"
It is four times as big as the bush!"

-EDWARD LEAR

WHAT is it that was tomorrow and will be yesterday? Today.

An Apple Problem

A BOX of 150 apples of different varieties was divided among 5 boys so that Harry had 50, Frank had 40, George had 30, Dick had 20, and Tom had 10.

They were then told that they must all sell their apples at the same rate and yet receive the same amount.

"But surely that is impossible?" protested Frank.

"No; it can easily be done," replied George; and he explained how all the apples could be sold at the same rate and each boy take the same amount of money.

At what rate were the apples sold?

Solution next week

School Howlers



A Sad Explosion

AFTER a lesson on the South Sea Bubble, in which the teacher had explained how many people were ruined financially, a boy wrote:

"In the South Sea Bubble heaps of people were irretrievably burst."

Word-Coining

FROM the letters C P T S E R E make three different words, each word containing all the letters once only.

Solution next week

WHERE can happiness always be found? In the dictionary.

Notice to Quit



"THIS dwelling's mine!" said the Apple Grub,
The Brownie's knife while dodging.

"Such fruit to you can mean only food;
To me it's food and lodging.

"Be off at once!" in a rage cried he.
'Twas plain that he felt nettled.
"I won't give up my abode until
The housing problem's settled!"

Queer Arithmetic

IN a recent C.N. was given an arithmetical problem—to find a multiplication sum in which all the figures from 0 to 9 were used once only. The answer we gave was a money sum, but several readers have written to point out that there are alternative solutions by ordinary multiplication. Here are four examples:

$$8169 \times 3 = 24507$$

$$3094 \times 7 = 21658$$

$$5817 \times 6 = 34902$$

$$6819 \times 3 = 20457$$

WHICH is the longest word in the English language?

Smiles; because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

Caught

THE steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden commotion, and a man came running madly from the dock gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment.

Without pausing in his stride, he flung his bag on to the boat, took a desperate leap, and landed on the deck with a crash.

"Good!" he gasped, as he was assisted to his feet. "Just did it. A few seconds later and I should have missed it."

"Missed it!" exclaimed one of the passengers. "Do you realise that this boat is just coming in?"

Do You Know

THAT ants' eggs, such as are used for feeding fish in aquariums, are not eggs at all? They are the chrysalides of the male and female ants.

That King John did not sign Magna Carta, as is often stated in school books and is usually shown in pictures? What he did was to affix his seal to the document. His Majesty could not write.

That the Australian bush is not made up of low bushes, as its name would imply? It is really a forest with very tall trees.

That a lead pencil has no lead in it? The writing material that is encased in the wood is plumbago.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Home

Do You Live Here? Jarro

Buried Towns

Dover, Deal, Belfast, Frome, Windsor, Reading.

Jacko Makes Cakes

ONE day, as Mrs. Jacko was baking, Jacko sat by the fireside, listening to a bell growing fainter and fainter outside.

"How I should love to be a muffin-man!" thought Jacko. "It is such a nice, noisy thing to be. Besides, you only have to work at tea-time. It must be profitable, too. Muffins can't cost much to make—just a little flour and water, I suppose."

"Mater," he called out, "how do you make muffins?"

"Bother the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacko. "Now I've lost count of how many spoonfuls of baking-powder I put in! Anyway, I've no more left. Well, I shall have to use vinegar for the raisin cake!"

"I thought you only put vinegar in salads?" said Jacko.

"No," said Mrs. Jacko; "you can use it to lighten a cake when eggs and baking-powder are scarce. Now, Master Inquisitive, don't interrupt again. What did you ask about? Muffins, wasn't it? Well, I've never made them."

Jacko sat idly watching his mother. Suddenly it struck him that he could sell home-made cakes instead of muffins. Then he began to watch more carefully to see exactly how Mrs. Jacko made her famous rock buns.

He said not a word. But next day, when his mother was out shopping, Jacko got the flour, margarine, sultanas, sugar, milk, vinegar, and an egg from the larder, and set to work.

Soon he had a stack of steaming cakes of a beautiful golden brown. He put them on a tray, covered them with a clean cloth, and, setting the tray on his head, began to march about the streets ringing the dinner-bell.

Doors opened, and people came out with plates and pennies.

Some were disgusted, and said: "What is the use of a muffin-



He marched round the streets, ringing his bell

man without muffins?" But others bought the hot buns for a penny each, and Jacko became quite pleased with himself.

Suddenly a voice called his name. It was his mother's.

"What does this mean, sir?" she demanded angrily. "What is this game?"

"It isn't a game," said Jacko. "I am selling the cakes I made."

"Whose flour and fruit did you use?" asked his mother. "Come home at once!"

When they got back she looked at his cakes, and seemed to admire them. She broke a bit off, and put it in her mouth. Then she gave a cry.

"Oh, it's poison! Oh, what have you put in them?"

"The things you did!" replied Jacko, trembling.

"But it tastes of Irish stew," she cried. Then she guessed.

"Instead of using white wine vinegar you must have taken the bottle of tarragon vinegar. This is simply onion cake. I'll see you never meddle with my store cupboard again!"

And Jacko didn't want to when he met his customers.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Dog and his Friend

A London boy tells this story of his clever dog.

My dog Jack always calls at his friend's house in the morning about the time when Spot is let out, and they go hunting together in a wood.

One day Jack came back alone to Spot's house. Spot's master happened to be at home, and, as Spot did not come back, he followed Jack till they came to a hole where Jack stopped and looked up, as much as to say "That is where Spot is."

So they got a pole from a cottage near and managed to get hold of Spot's collar and pull him out. If he had been there much longer he would probably have been suffocated.

Un Chien et son Ami

Un garçon de Londres nous raconte ce qui suit de son chien intelligent.

Mon chien Jack fait une visite matinale à son ami Spot à peu près à l'heure où l'on met ce dernier en liberté, et tous deux s'en vont à la chasse dans un bois.

Un jour Jack rentra seul chez Spot. Le maître de Spot se trouvait justement seul chez lui, et, comme Spot ne s'en retournait pas, il suivit Jack jusqu'à ce qu'ils arrivassent à un trou, où Jack s'arrêta et releva la tête, en ayant l'air de dire: "Voilà où est Spot."

On se procura alors une perche dans une chaumière du voisinage, et l'on réussit à attraper Spot par son collier et à le sortir du trou. S'il y était resté un peu plus longtemps il est probable qu'il aurait étouffé.

Tales Before Bedtime

Yvette

WHENEVER Cousin Georgie came to stay with Angela he was sure to get into mischief.

Angela tried to be polite and to remember that Georgie was a visitor; but it was hard to have all her new paints used up, her best books torn, and her toys broken.

Angela had a large family of dolls, and the grandest of them was Yvette, a lovely creature that Uncle Dick had brought from Paris. Yvette had long golden hair, which fell below her waist; her frock, hat, shoes and stockings were of pink silk, and her petticoats were trimmed with real lace.

She could speak French, too, for whenever she was squeezed she cried "Maman!"

Directly Georgie saw her he said, "What a silly-looking doll! She isn't half so nice as that thing you call Jane."

Jane was a plain, rosy-cheeked doll with short, dark hair. She wore plain cotton frocks and was Angela's favourite child. She went everywhere with her, because short hair never gets tangled, and cotton frocks are hard to spoil.

"Yvette isn't silly!" cried Angela. "She can speak French. Listen!" And she squeezed Yvette, who immediately said "Maman!"

"Well, you never play with her," said Georgie. "What's the good of a doll that's too grand to touch?"

The next day Angela had to go to the dentist, and Georgie was left in the nursery alone.

He suddenly saw the beautiful Yvette sitting on a chair, smiling sweetly.

"Silly dressed-up thing!" he thought. "I'll turn her into a sensible doll."

Then he did a dreadful thing. He found the nursery scissors and cut off Yvette's long hair!



Angela cried at first

After that he took off all her silk clothes and dressed her in a frock belonging to Jane.

Then he sat her in the hall as a surprise for her mamma.

Angela cried at first. It was so dreadful to see Yvette's lovely hair lying on the nursery floor. But, after all, she did look prettier with her hair bobbed, and it was nice not to have grand clothes to spoil.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 25, 1922

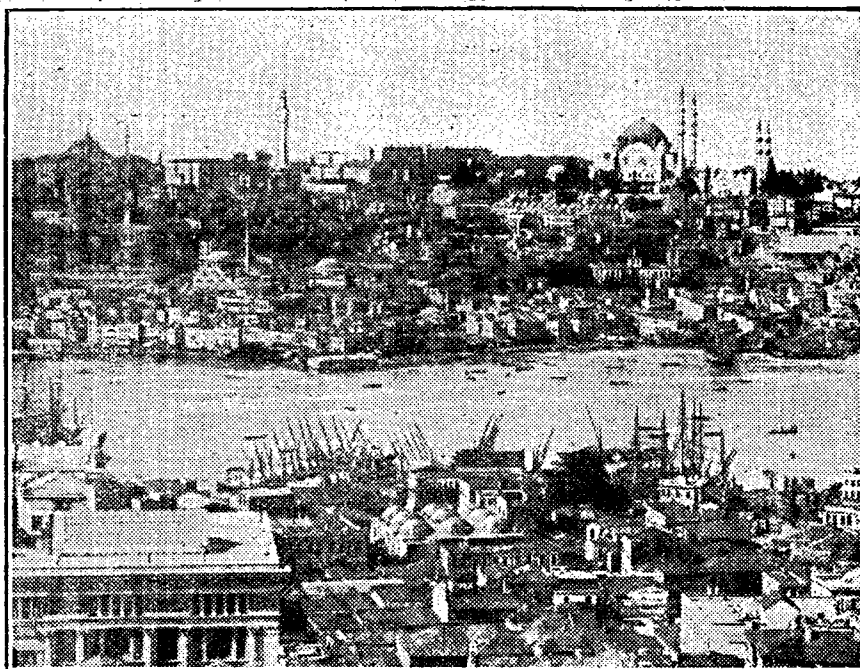
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EUROPE'S DANGER POINT · RED MAN'S GAME IN LONDON · OWLS BLOWN TO SEA



London's Great Pile of Fuel—This great pile of old wood blocks taken up from the roadways under repair stands on a building site in the Strand, London. The blocks are sold at so much a barrow-load to costermongers, who retail them for fuel, and they are a boon to the poor.



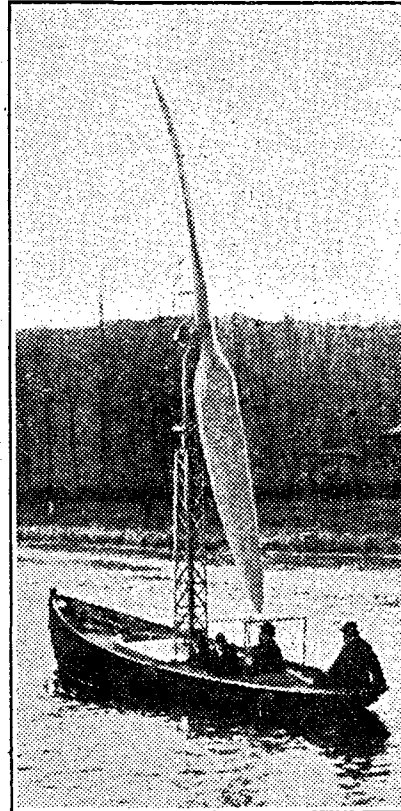
The Danger Point of Europe—Constantinople, which has perhaps the most beautiful and commanding site of any capital in the world, is now the danger point of Europe, and will probably remain so until the Turkish question has been finally settled by the Great Powers.



A Net-Ball Match in London—Net Ball is a very popular game in girls' schools in England, and here we see an exciting moment in a match at Stamford Bridge.



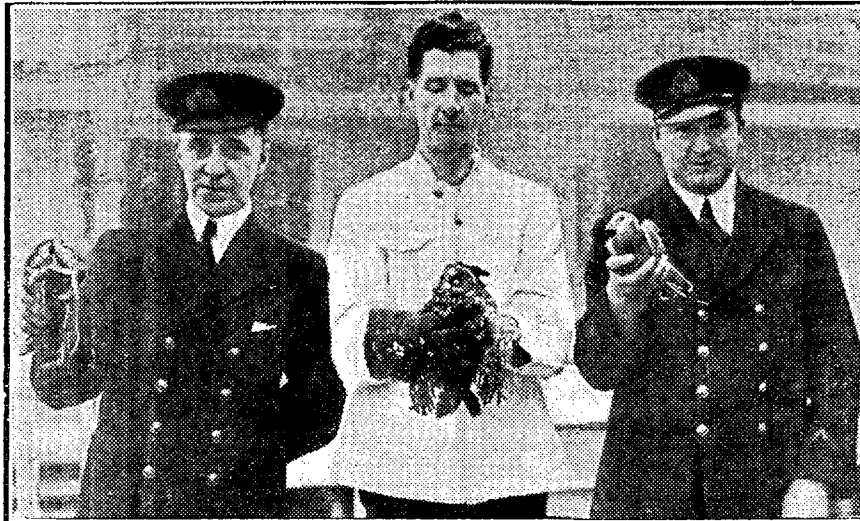
Red Man's Game in London—Lacrosse, a game that was played centuries ago by the Canadian Indians, is very popular in England, and affords some thrilling opportunities, as can be seen by this struggle round the goal in a game between Lee and Oxford University, at Beckenham, a London suburb. The crozier-like stick, with its network of strings, is very conspicuous.



Boat Sails Against the Wind—This boat, recently tested in Paris, sails against the wind, a big propeller fixed on a steel column turning a screw in the stern.



Painting the Elephants—In Gwalior the State elephants are cared for like racehorses in England, and receive every possible attention. Probably the treatment they like least is having their faces painted with curious designs, as shown here, for a great State pageant.



Migrants Land on a Liner—When the Cunard liner Scythia was one day out from New York to Liverpool hundreds of birds on migration from north to south that had been blown out to sea landed on the deck, but most of them died. These owls and the pigeon, however, lived.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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